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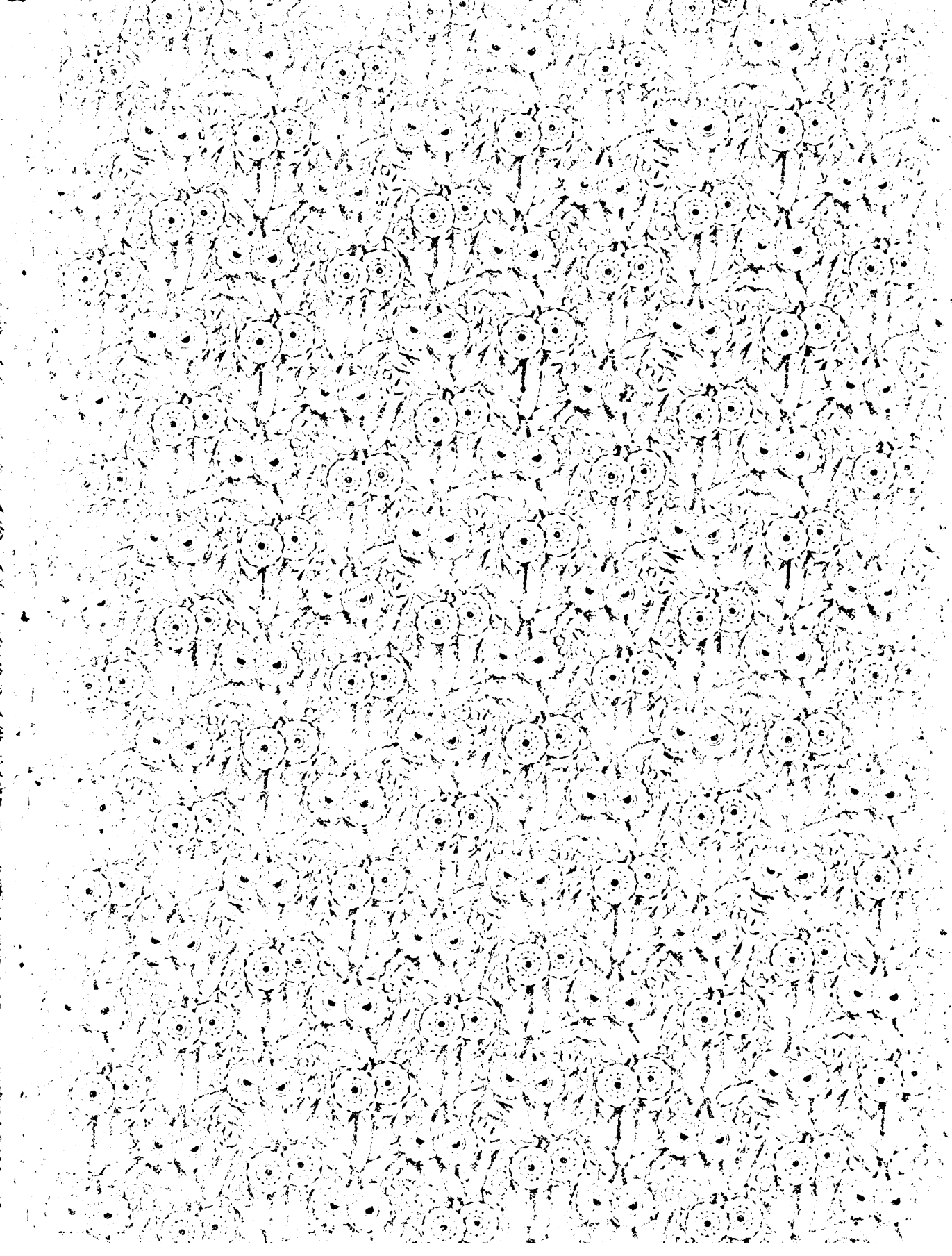
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# BRIDAL DAYS.

A

BOOK FOR THE BRIDAL, AND ALL THE  
WEDDINGS CELEBRATED.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY

D. HENRY MILLER, D.D.,

AND

W. D. HEDDEN, D.D.

NEW YORK:

WARD & DRUMMOND.

1883.

KF 1965

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THIS WEDDING GIFT

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO ALL

WHOSE HAPPY LOT IT IS TO CELEBRATE

THEIR

WEDDING DAY;

WITH THE FERVENT PRAYER THAT EACH

*ANNIVERSARY*

MAY BE AS JOYFUL AS LOVE IS HOPEFUL.

*This Volume is Presented*

TO

---

BY

---

ON THEIR

---

ANNIVERSARY.

HOME.

CHILDHOOD—YOUTH—MARRIAGE.

THE IRON AGE.

ONE YEAR.

THE WOODEN PERIOD.

FIVE YEARS.

THE TIN DECADE.

TEN YEARS.

CRYSTAL BLESSINGS.

FIFTEEN YEARS.

THE LINEN WEDDING.

TWENTY YEARS.

THE SILVER STREAM.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

THE GOLDEN ERA.

FIFTY YEARS.

SUNDOWN.

HOME.

HEAVEN THE DIAMOND.

## PREFACE.

AS each anniversary of the Bridal Day occurs, friends desire to make an offering in book form suited to the day, but find none. And as somebody's wedding anniversary must daily come, to meet this demand we have prepared

### **Bridal Days,**

which, in its arrangement, beginning at "The Wedding," touches the "Iron Age," and reaches on to the rich "Golden Era" on Earth, and contemplates the reward of fidelity in Heaven.

Some part we have written ourselves with pleasure; some other part is the rich treasure of gifted and noble souls. Each one we thank, and ask no greater honor for all, and each, than that the book shall accomplish the purpose whereunto we send it forth.

# LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

ARTISTIC AND BEAUTIFUL, FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS,

BY J. C. BEARD.

	PAGE
THE WEDDING . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE IRON AGE . . . . .	50
WOODEN WARE . . . . .	58
UTENSILS OF TIN . . . . .	74
CRYSTAL OFFERINGS . . . . .	86
THE LINEN GIFTS . . . . .	96
SILVER MEMORIALS . . . . .	106
THE GOLDEN BRIDAL DAY . . . . .	120

# CONTENTS.

---

HOME.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
HOME, SWEET HOME ! . . . . .	<i>John Howard Payne.</i>	11
THE FIRST MARRIAGE . . . . .	<i>H. Bushnell, D.D.</i>	15
HOME AND THE HOMESTEAD . . . . .		16
A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT . . . . .		19
"I NE'ER SHALL FORGET THEE" . . . . .		20
"LIKE SOME SWEET MELODY" . . . . .		20
SWEET ARE THE JOYS OF . . . . .	<i>Bowring.</i>	20
MESSAGES . . . . .	<i>Jean Ingelow.</i>	21
SOMEBODY . . . . .		21
GOD'S BLESSING ON THE HOME . . . . .	<i>John Hall, D.D.</i>	23
I REMEMBER . . . . .	<i>L'ood.</i>	24
HOME WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US . . . . .	<i>Charles Swain.</i>	25
LOVE RIPENS AT HOME . . . . .	<i>M. F. Tupper.</i>	26
THE WEDDING.		
HISTORY . . . . .		31
"THE THING THAT OUGHT TO BE" . . . . .	<i>Wayland Hoyt.</i>	32
THE PLEDGE . . . . .	<i>Moore.</i>	33
PLEASED . . . . .	<i>Charles Lamb.</i>	33
THE JEWEL FOR THE BRIDAL DAY . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Julia M. Haderman.</i>	34
TO A BELOVED ONE . . . . .		36
THE FINGER-RING . . . . .		37
A BLESSING . . . . .		39
THE WEDDING . . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>	40



	AUTHOR.	PAGE
MARRIED . . . . .	<i>Burns.</i>	41
I SHOULD BE HAPPY . . . . .		42
WEDDING-RING . . . . .	<i>Gerald Massey.</i>	43
THE WEDDING DAY . . . . .	<i>Longfellow.</i>	44
WHEN ADAM WAS CREATED . . . . .		45
MARRIAGE . . . . .	<i>Lydia Baxter.</i>	47
BRIDAL SONG . . . . .		48
THE IRON AGE.		
HISTORY . . . . .		51
EXPERIENCES . . . . .	<i>Massey.</i>	52
LOVE . . . . .	<i>Translated from Halm.</i>	52
NO JEWELLED BEAUTY . . . . .	<i>Massey.</i>	53
IRON A SYMBOL . . . . .		54
JENNY KISSED ME . . . . .	<i>Leigh Hunt.</i>	54
THE IRON WEDDING DAY . . . . .		55
THE WOODEN PERIOD.		
HISTORY . . . . .	<i>Author.</i>	59
WONDERFUL BABE . . . . .	"	60
COURAGE . . . . .	"	60
WHISPERINGS . . . . .	"	61
FOOTSTEPS . . . . .	<i>Mary Howitt.</i>	61
FRUIT AND FOREST.		
TREES . . . . .		65
SWEET LESSONS . . . . .		68
TO THE BLOSSOMING MAPLE . . . . .		69
FIVE YEARS AGO . . . . .		71
TIN DECADE.		
HISTORY . . . . .		75
BABIE BELL . . . . .	<i>Alarich.</i>	76
TEN YEARS . . . . .		77
ONLY HALF A SCORE . . . . .	<i>Rev. F. B. Pullan.</i>	79

## Contents.

9

	AUTHOR.	PAGE
MY OWN SWEET WIFE. . . . .		80
MINE . . . . .	<i>Mrs. M. Crane.</i>	81
RECONCILED . . . . .	<i>Tennyson.</i>	81
TEN YEARS AGONE . . . . .		82
CRYSTAL BLESSINGS.		
HISTORY . . . . .		87
EARLIER HEAVEN . . . . .	<i>Bowring.</i>	88
THE FAMILY . . . . .		89
MATERNITY . . . . .		89
CRYSTAL WEDDING . . . . .	<i>Mrs. L. H. Washington.</i>	90
TO HIS WIFE . . . . .	<i>James Milnor.</i>	93
LINEN WEDDING.		
THE LINEN WEDDING . . . . .	<i>Rev. Lewis Francis.</i>	97
LIFE . . . . .	<i>Rev. F. B. Pullan.</i>	98
USEFULNESS . . . . .		98
ANOTHER WEDDING DAY . . . . .		99
A REVERIE . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Eveleen L. Mason.</i>	100
BE GENTLE . . . . .		102
TIME . . . . .		103
HAPPY MOTHER . . . . .	<i>P. Doëdridge.</i>	103
THE SILVER STREAM.		
HISTORY . . . . .		107
"WHEN THIS OLD RING WAS NEW" . . . . .	<i>W. Cox Bennett.</i>	109
THE FARMER'S SILVER TRIBUTE. . . . .		110
GRATITUDE . . . . .	<i>Burns.</i>	111
THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND . . . . .	<i>Mrs. J. S. Woods.</i>	112
SILVER MOUNTAIN . . . . .		113
THE SILVER WEDDING . . . . .	<i>Mrs. L. H. Washington.</i>	114
THE SILVER GREETING . . . . .	<i>Mrs. S. G. Abbott.</i>	116
GOLDEN ERA.		
HISTORY . . . . .		121
TO LYDIA . . . . .	<i>Senator Dickinson.</i>	123

*Contents.*

	AUTHOR.	PAGE
WHEN WE WERE YOUNG AND GAY . . . . .		124
THE GOLDEN WEDDING . . . . .	<i>Mrs. L. H. Washington.</i>	125
AFTER FIFTY YEARS . . . . .		128
GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD . . . . .	<i>Whittier.</i>	129
LOOKING BACKWARD . . . . .		130
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN . . . . .	<i>Burns.</i>	132
GOLDEN MEMORIES . . . . .	<i>A. G. Palmer, D.D.</i>	133
THE GOLDEN . . . . .		136
THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE . . . . .	<i>J. Byington Smith, D.D.</i>	137
LAY THY HAND IN MINE . . . . .	<i>Gerald Massey.</i>	139
CHRISTIAN AND CHRISTIANA . . . . .	<i>E. C. Stedman.</i>	140
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY . . . . .	<i>Rev. D. W. Faunce, D.D.</i>	144

## SUNDOWN—HEAVENLY HOME.

HISTORY . . . . .		149
AFTER-GLOW . . . . .	<i>Bunyan.</i>	151
IMMORTALITY . . . . .	<i>Addison.</i>	151
PASSING AWAY . . . . .		152
SALEM . . . . .	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i>	152
NO COMPLAINING . . . . .	<i>Martineau.</i>	153
THANKFUL . . . . .	<i>R. H. Dana.</i>	153
FOREVER WITH THE LORD . . . . .	<i>James Montgomery.</i>	153
PEACE OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Martineau.</i>	154
JERUSALEM THE NEW . . . . .	<i>Bernard.</i>	154

## SWEET HOME.

[From the opera of "Clara," the Maid of Milan].

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home !  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain !  
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !  
The birds singing gayly that came at my call :  
Give me them ! and the peace of mind dearer than all !

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.



HOME.



# H O M E .

## THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

“MARRIAGE is of a date prior to sin itself—the only relic of a paradise that is left us—one smile that God let fall on the world’s innocence, lingering and playing still upon its seared visage. The first marriage was celebrated before God Himself, who filled, in His own person, the office of Guest, Witness, and Priest. There stood the two god-like forms of innocence, fresh in the beauty of their unstained nature. The hallowed shades of the garden, and the green-carpeted earth, smiled to look on so divine a pair. The crystal waters flowed by pure and transparent as they. The unblemished flowers breathed incense on the sacred air, answering to their upright love. An artless round of joy from all the vocal natures was the hymn—a spontaneous nuptial harmony, such as a world in tune might yield, ere discord was invented. Religion blessed her two children thus, and led them forth into life to begin her wondrous history. The first religious scene they knew, was their own marriage before the Lord God. They learned to love Him as the Interpreter and Sealer of their love to each other; and if they had continued in their uprightness, life would have been a form of wedded worship—a sacred mystery of spiritual oneness and communion.”

REV. H. BUSHNELL, D.D.

(15)



## HOME AND THE HOMESTEAD.

THESE are sacred words, always fresh, fair, bright, tender, suggestive, and in power and delight incomparable. An angel can not measure the glory of earth's *true* home, the earth's best, the descended Heaven, from whose step a freed spirit rises to the "mansion in my Father's house."

It is a place of residence, a marble, or pine, or canvas shelter; but vastly more. Lions have their lair, oxen their stall, and the birds of the air their nests, man only has a *Home*.

"Abraham pitched his tent between Bethel and Hai, and there he builded an altar unto the Lord." Isaac pitched his tent in the valley of Gerar, and there home was, and home remained, when the migratory gave place to fixed abode, and the tent yielded to the city of stone and cedar.

Two loves are inseparable from man, and are manly—a love of birth-place and of his country; and to these he, almost a worshiper, turns, as the sighing years creep on. For fire-side and country millions die. The old homestead! here is a history brimful of struggle, victory, and peace. I see now the old weather-beaten house, its wide hall, rooms, fire-place bright with blazing oak, by which sat the father and mother of the home many years, until he said one day, "It's lonely since mother died! I wish she was here." He was alone, his eyes closed, his face wet. And then one day the one chair was empty; I missed the knee and voice, and leaned my head on the arm of it, where his elbow had rested, and wondered how far it might be to Heaven; at night I looked

at the stars, and wondered whether they were the lamps on the wall of grandfather's city. Generations came and went, but the homestead stood and stands, and there remains one to preserve sanctities, walls, bucket, barn, trees, shrubs, gates, and to greet the scattered, come again on holiday, when is

"Made fresh honey of remembered things."

Home! it matters not, however, whether it contains broad acres or a few square feet; it is home all the same, if only love is there.

#### WHAT HOME SHOULD BE.

No, kind reader, not a sermon, but a long journey lies before us, and we must place our compass. We must point in the right direction; there is a wrong, which is selfishness, the cruel fiend. God always, and truth in all things must obtain; fidelity burn on forever; patience immortal be; favoritism be spurned; integrity tower like some old rock of ocean while religion sanctifies the whole.

Each should bear with the other; but not that only, each should strive to lift up the other, where each is deficient, and so make each excel.

Flattery should, indeed, be driven out and payment for doing right repudiated; but acknowledgment of all good qualities and costly successes should be made unhesitatingly and generously.

You can not, for instance, speak of each one as altogether beautiful, but each is in or by something, handsome; a fine eye captures; soft, abundant hair adorns; there is a pretty hand or foot; fine form and graceful gait come and go; manly expression and rich voice claim attention; all should be acknowledged, that the poor may be rich, the stammerer know the eloquence of his

thought, so shall each be helped over the weak places. The other, the pointing out only the poverty, is a crime.

This it is, this Truth, this Justice, this Love, and not gold nor what gold can buy, make Home dear when *in* it, and when away, years and miles away, the precious home where

“ Each wound has its balm and each soul finds repose.”

This it is which keeps green the memory of the departed, and alive, the longing to see the old place to the last heart-beat, so well said by Oliver Goldsmith :

“ In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt and all I saw.  
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
I still had hopes my long vexations past  
Here to return—and die at home at last.”

The writer recently conversed with a lady, now ninety-five years old, whose memory and love of childhood's home are as fresh as ever, while the things of each morning are forgotten at noon.

One summer's day another aged friend put on her bonnet, wandered some distance away from her home, to which she had been brought a bride fifty years before, and was found by anxious seekers resting on the worn steps of her childhood's home. Tenderly she was brought back, and in a few days died.

### A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

THIRTY-THREE years ago my friend was left a widow with eight children, with but little of this world's goods. She bent her energies, with faith in God, to furnish them bread and train them for the Lord. Bread and honesty met. The cup was not unmingled, for whilst the children hung garlands of love upon the neck of the loving, patient mother; hands trembled and hearts faltered, and some went down to the grave. Others went out from the old Home to meet life's duties and struggle with its stern realities. Some of these attained to positions of public trust, and found honor among men, and yet in all the years of promotion, prosperity, and success, their own homes surrounded with luxury, choice adornments of art, there was no place to them like the humble home of their mother, where, as prattling children, they were tenderly cherished.

One of these, a noble and wealthy man, left his costly residence to spend an evening with his mother. Before the evening passed away sickness touched him, and by maternal love he was prevailed upon to tarry through the night; but the night passed into three anxious weeks, when, in death, he leaned upon that bosom which gave him life. Thus comforted, he passed serenely from the dear humble home of his mother on earth, to the grandeur of his Father's house in Heaven, "a house not made with hands."

*Bridal Days.*

## I NE'ER SHALL FORGET THEE.

I NE'ER shall forget thee,  
Blessed home of my heart ;  
The fond recollections  
Thou bringest to me,  
Of enduring affections,  
Shall bind me to thee.

---

## BEGUILING MELODY.

YEA, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it ;  
Thou the meanwhile art blending with my thoughts,  
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy.

---

## SWEET ARE THE JOYS OF HOME.

SWEET are the joys of Home,  
And pure as sweet ; for they  
Like dews of morn and evening come  
To wake and close the day.  
The pilgrim's step in vain  
Seeks Eden's sacred ground !  
But in Homes, holy joys, again  
An Eden may be found.

BOWRING.

## MESSAGES.

AND messages from shipwrecked folk  
Will navigate the moon-led main,  
And painted boards of splintered oak  
Their port regain.

JEAN INGELow.

---

## SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY'S courting somebody  
Somewhere or other to night ;  
Somebody's whispering to somebody,  
Somebody's listening to somebody  
Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,  
Running so still and slow,  
Talking so soft and low,  
She sits with somebody.

Facing the ocean's shore  
Edged by the foaming roar,  
Words never used before,  
Sound sweet to somebody.

*Bridal Days.*

Under the maple tree,  
Deep though the shadows be,  
Plain enough they can see  
Bright eyes has somebody.

No one sits up to wait,  
Though she is out so late ;  
All know she's at the gate  
Talking with somebody.

Tiptoe to parlor door,  
Two shadows on the floor ;  
Moonlight, reveal no more !  
Susie and somebody.

Two, sitting side by side,  
Float with the ebbing tide :  
" Thus, dearest, may we glide  
Through life," says somebody.

Somewhere, somebody  
Makes love to somebody  
To-night.

ANONYMOUS.

## GOD'S BLESSING ON THE HOME.

ASK Him, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, to keep you when you are choosing your partner for life, when you are setting up your home, and when you become heads of families.

Be sure that He who sent His Son into the world to save men will hear you and will bless you, and will at last bring you to that blessed home where there is neither sorrow nor parting.

“The power to bless my house  
Belongs to God alone ;  
Yet rend’ring Him my constant vows,  
He sends His blessings down.  
Me and my house receive  
Thy family to increase ;  
And let us in Thy favor live,  
And let us die in peace.”

“Shall I not then engage  
My house to serve the Lord,—  
To search the soul-converting page,  
And feed upon His Word :—  
To ask with faith and hope  
The grace which He supplies,  
In prayer and praise to offer up  
Their daily sacrifice ? ”

REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.



## I REMEMBER!

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came creeping in at morn.  
He never came a wink too soon  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing.  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

## HOME, WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

HOME'S not merely four square walls,  
Though with pictures hung and gilded ;  
Home is where affection calls—  
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded !  
Home !—go watch the faithful dove  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us—  
Home is where there's one to love !  
Home is where there's one to love us !

Home's not merely roof and room,  
It needs something to endear it ;  
Home is where the heart can bloom :  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it !  
What is home with none to meet ?  
None to welcome—none to greet us !  
Home is sweet—and only sweet—  
When there's one we love to meet us !

CHARLES SWAIN.

## LOVE RIPENS AT HOME.

I FORAGED all over this joy-dotted earth,  
To pick its best nosegay of innocent mirth—  
Tied up with its bands of wisdom and worth—  
    And lo, its chief treasure,  
    Its innermost pleasure,  
    Was always at home.

I went to the palace, and there my fair queen,  
On the arm of her husband did lovingly lean,  
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen,  
    In spite of the splendor,  
    So happy and tender,  
    For they were at home !

I turned to the cottage, and there my poor hind  
Lay sick with the fever—all meekly resigned :  
For oh, the good wife was cheerful and kind,  
    In spite of all matters,  
    An angel in tatters,  
    And she was at home !

I asked a glad mother, just come from the post,  
With a letter she kissed from a far-away coast,  
What heart-thrilling news had rejoiced her the most,

And gladness for mourning,  
Her boy was returning,  
To love her at home.

I spoke to the soldiers and sailors at sea,  
Where best in the world would they all wish to be?  
And hark! how earnestly they shouted to me,  
With iron hearts throbbing,  
And choking and sobbing—  
Oh, land us at home!

I came to the desk where old Commerce grew gray,  
And asked him what helped him this many a day,  
In his old smoky room with his ledger to stay?  
And it was the beauty,  
The comfort and duty,  
That cheered him at home!

I ran to the court, where the sages of law  
Were wrangling and dangling at quibble and flaw,  
Oh, wondrous to me was the strife that I saw.  
But all the fierce riot  
Was calmed by the quiet  
That blest them at home.

I called on the schoolboy, poor love-stricken lad,  
Who yearned in his loneliness, silent and sad,  
For the days when again he should laugh and be glad,  
With his father and mother,  
And sister and brother,  
All happy at home!

I tapped at the door of the year-stricken old,  
Where age, as I thought, had old memories quelled.  
But still all his garrulous fancies outwelled,  
    Strange old-fashioned stories,  
    Of gladness and glories  
    That once were at home.

I whispered the prodigal, wanton and wild—  
How changed from the heart that you had when a child  
So teachable, noble, and mild ;  
    Though sin had undone him,  
    Thank God that I won him  
    Again to his home !

And then when we wept, and vowed a better life,  
I hastened to snatch him from peril and strife,  
By finding him wisely a tender young wife—  
    Whose love should allure him,  
    And gently secure him  
    A covert at home.

So he who had reached after pleasure so fast,  
And still as he ran had its goal overpast,  
Found happiness, honor, and blessing at last  
    In all the kind dealings,  
    Affection and feelings,  
    That ripen at home.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

## THE WEDDING.



## THE WEDDING.

“AND the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him.” Said and done while man was in his perfect state, but it is no less needful and holy now. Marriage builds and keeps the Home, a place the most beautiful and conserving of all others in our world. The Church flourishes among homes, and each support the State.

Young hearts aspire to marriage, to the Home—a wise thing—and seek each other. Having found, they soon own a great secret, “they are engaged.” Pleasant days these, and to be remembered, clouds and fears few. The engagement ends in marriage, as it ought. The minister and guests are invited, are assembled, and our young couple pledge their love and are pronounced “husband and wife.”

There are congratulations, tears, throwing of the ancient shoe, and “God bless them!” from honest hearts as they go:

“*From henceforth no more twain, but one,*  
Yet ever one through being twain,  
As self is ever lost and won  
Through love's own ceaseless loss and gain;  
And both their full perfection reach,  
Each growing the full self through each.

“Two in all worship, glad and high,  
All promises to praise and prayer,



*Bridal Days.*

*'Where two are gathered, there am I';*  
Gone half the weight from all ye bear,  
Gained twice the force for all ye do—  
The ceaseless, sacred Church of two.

"One in all lowly ministry,  
One in all priestly sacrifice,  
Through love which makes all service free,  
And finds or makes all gifts of price,  
All love which made life rich before,  
Through this great central love grown more.

"And so, together journeying on  
To the Great Bridal of the Christ,  
When all the life His love has won  
To perfect love is sacrificed,  
And the New Song beyond the Sun  
Peals, '*Henceforth no more twain, but one.*'

"And in that perfect Marriage-Day  
All earth's lost love shall live once more ;  
All lack and loss shall pass away,  
And all find all not found before ;  
Till all the worlds shall live and glow  
In that great love's great overflow."

---

THE THING THAT OUGHT TO BE.

WHEN two young hearts, standing in equal pledge, put their feet upon the threshold opening into their united life, it is certainly better, it is certainly the thing that ought to be, that they be garlanded by the sympathy and overshadowed by the benediction of the parents' hearts and hands.

WAYLAND HOYT.

### THE PLEDGE.

FROM this hour the pledge is given,  
From this hour my soul is thine ;  
Come what will from earth or Heaven,  
Weal or woe thy fate be mine.

MOORE

---

### PLEASED.

I DO not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daughter. I like to make one at their ceremonies, which to us old people give back our youth. . . . On these occasions I am sure to be in good humor for a week or two after. . . . I feel a sort of cousinhood or uncleship for the season.

LAMB.

## THE JEWEL FOR THE BRIDAL DAY.

THAT is a beautiful custom suggested by legends of the early times, to bestow on the bride the well-set stone appropriate to the month of the bride's birth.

For every month there is a stone, and for every stone a motto. Mrs. Julia M. Haderman has elegantly set these twelve stones in verse, which can not fail to charm the reader of "BRIDAL DAYS":

### JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born  
No gem save Garnets should be worn;  
They will insure her constancy,  
True friendship and fidelity.

### FEBRUARY.

The February-born will find  
Sincerity and peace of mind,  
Freedom from passion and from care,  
If they the Amethyst will wear.

### MARCH.

Who on this world of ours their eyes  
In March first open, shall be wise,  
In days of peril firm and brave,  
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

## *The Wedding.*

35

### APRIL.

She who from April dates her years  
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears  
For vain repentance flow ; this stone,  
Emblem of innocence is known.

### MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day  
In Spring's sweet flow'ry month of May,  
And wears an Emerald all her life,  
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

### JUNE.

Who comes with Summer to this earth,  
And owes to June her day of birth,  
With ring of Agate on her hand,  
Can health, wealth, and long life command.

### JULY.

The glowing Ruby should adorn  
Those who in warm July are born ;  
Then will they be exempt and free  
From love's doubts and anxiety.

### AUGUST.

Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee  
No conjugal felicity ;  
The August-born, without this stone,  
'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

### SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when Autumn leaves  
Are rustling in September's breeze,  
A Sapphire on her brow should bind,  
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

*Bridal Days.*

## OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,  
And life's vicissitudes must know ;  
But lay an Opal on her breast,  
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

## NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below  
With drear November's fog and snow,  
Should prize the Topaz, amber hue—  
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

## DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth,  
The month of snow and ice and mirth,  
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue ;  
Success will bless whate'er you do.

---

## TO A BELOVED ONE.

" I KNOW, dear heart ! that in our lot  
May mingle tears and sorrow ;  
But, Love's rich rainbow 's built from tears  
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.  
The sunshine from our skies may die  
The greenness from Life's tree.  
But ever 'mid the warring storm  
Thy nest shall sheltered be."

## THE FINGER RING.

THE finger ring is a very old symbol of power, favor, and affection ; indeed, no one can tell when or by whom first worn. It figures in mythology, is found in discovered Egyptian fresco painting, and in cinerary urns of the Greeks and Romans, where they were placed by the bereaved. Pharaoh, the great King, gave the Hebrew Joseph his ring—"took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand." It was then a symbol of wisdom, fidelity, and authority, and the son of Jacob gave a new lustre to the golden pledge.

All metals and hard substances have been used in their creation and adorned by most costly stones, and in ancient times they were of all forms, as now, of great weight, and bore beautiful inscriptions—as "Beautiful Ciria," "Good be with you, madam," "God be with you, sir." Even in the Roman catacombs, where the disciples of the Nazarene suffered and died, quantities of rings and stones have been found. Rings seem to have been worn by Hebrews and Romans on all the fingers of both hands, as one chose, but Pliny says, "They were at first worn on the fourth finger, then on the second—on all except the middle one." Egyptian women wore many rings, but held the third finger of the left hand to be the ring finger, because of a supposed artery running from thence to the heart. Another reason given for this custom is that the left hand is less employed, and so the ring best preserved. Kings have made great use of rings as signet rings of honor, as when Ahasuerus gave his ring to Haman ; the Roman

Pontiff wears a gold ring set with some brilliant gem ; bishops sealed with rings, and we read of an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman.

Rings have also been used as " charms " and " talismans," by which it was thought the wearer could cure disease, avert danger, and increase courage. The emerald was the " Friend of Virtue "; the opal sharpened sight ; and the carnelian made a cheerful soul. A ring found in Kent, England, bore this inscription :

" Who wears me shall perform exploits,  
And with great joy return."

But what is most interesting to us is the fact that the finger ring has, in all ages and generations, been a bridal pledge, and is the most beautiful token of wedded love, its glowing, endless circle teaching unity and eternity.

The *Gimmel* ring was double, like two links of a chain ; the lover put his finger through one of the links, the lady put hers through the other, and so they were yoked together.

Among the Romans a feast was given on the occasion of the signing of the marriage contract, and the man gave the woman a ring, which she put on the finger next the last of the left hand. A gold ring found at Pompeii has a representation of a man and woman joining hands. In Russia, girls are early betrothed by a ring. In Persia, the bridegroom gives a ring. If a Spanish girl has a betrothal ring and the lover prove false, he must stay in prison until he is willing to marry. Shakespeare says the betrothal is " Strengthened by the interchangement of rings." The Emperor of Austria was married by the use of two rings, placed reciprocally on each other's fingers ; then, while joining hands, the clerical benediction was given.

Throughout Europe the canon law is the basis of marriage, and

the English Parliament confirmed the use of the rubric relating to the marriage ceremony, which directs that the man shall give unto the woman a ring, saying, "With this ring I thee wed!" A lady having lost her ring-finger, a humorous writer asked whether she could ever be married in the Church of England?

In America all forms obtain. 'Squire and minister go their own way and the bridal party theirs, often with no proper idea of the sacredness of the pledges given. No human act should be so seriously considered nor more conscientiously regarded. The *form*, it is true, can not secure the true grandeur of the pledge; but of all forms, is there one half so pretty as one in which the golden ring is used, the glowing symbol of the unity of hearts and the eternity of *Love*?

---

A BLESSING.

"HAIL! Bride of the floral wreath!  
All thorns I would sheathe  
Lest thy brow they enwreath  
While o'er thee a blessing I breathe."



## THE WEDDING.

AS unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman ;  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows—  
Useless each without the other !

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha.

. . . . .

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomio  
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.

. . . . .

She had sent through all the village,  
Messengers with wands of willow  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting ;  
And the wedding guests assembled,  
Clad in all their richest raiment.

LONGFELLOW.

## MARRIED.

To give the rest of my story in brief, I have married my Jean and taken a farm ; with the first step I have every day more and more reason to be satisfied.

“ It is not, Jean, thy bonnie face  
Nor shape that I admire,  
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace  
Might weel awake desire.  
Something in ilka part o' thee  
To praise, to love, I find ;  
But dear as is thy form to me,  
Still dearer is thy mind.

“ Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae,  
Nor stronger in my breast,  
Than if I canna mak thee sae,  
At least to see thee blest.  
Content am I if Heaven shall give  
But happiness to thee ;  
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,  
For thee I'd bear to dee.”

BURNS.

I SHOULD BE HAPPY.

“ ‘I SHOULD be happy,’ with a look  
Towards her husband where he lay,  
Lost in the pages of a book,  
Soft did she say.

“ ‘I am’ and yet no lot below,  
For one whole day eludeth care ;  
To marriage all the stories flow  
And finish there.

“ As if with marriage came the end,  
The entrance into settled rest,  
The calm to which love’s tossings tend  
The quiet breast.

“ For me love played the low preludes  
Yet life began, but with the ring  
Such infinite solitudes  
Around it cling.”

## THE WEDDING-RING.

IT is customary at the wedding for the bridegroom to present the bride a golden wedding-ring, with which ring, Gerald Massey adorns his verse :

" I have known full many a maiden,  
Like a white rose withering ;  
Into fresh ripe beauty redden,  
Thro' a golden wedding-ring.

" Fainting spirits oft grow fearless,  
Sighing hearts will soar and sing,  
Tearful eyes will laugh out tearless,  
Thro' a golden wedding-ring.

" There's no jewel so worth wearing,  
That a lover's hands may bring ;  
There's no treasure worth comparing  
With a golden wedding-ring.

" As the crescent moon rings golden,  
Her full glory perfecting,  
Woman's glory is unfolden  
In a golden wedding-ring.

" Ah ! when hearts are wildly beating,  
And when arms all-glowing cling,  
Think Love's circle wants completing  
With a golden wedding-ring."

## THE WEDDING-DAY.

SIMPLE and brief was the wedding as that of Ruth and of Boaz,  
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,  
Taking each other for husband and wife in the magistrate's presence

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.  
Fervently then and devoutly the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
Prayed for the hearth and the home that were founded that day  
in affection,

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benediction.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at  
the door-way,

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,  
Happy husband, and wife, and friends conversing together,

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

LONGFELLOW.

## WHEN ADAM WAS CREATED.

THE following quaint old poem, after traveling the wide world for many long years, untitled and anonymous, will tell the story of the first couple at the first wedding, blessing earth in love's rapturous revelation :

" When Adam was created,  
He dwelt in Eden's shade,  
As Moses has related,  
Before his bride was made.

" Ten thousand times ten thousand  
Of creatures swarmed around  
Before the man was formed,  
And yet no mate he found.

" He had no conversation,  
But seemed as if alone,  
When, to his admiration,  
He found he'd lost a bone.

" Great was his exultation  
When first he saw his bride ;  
Great was his animation  
To see her by his side.

" He spake as in a rapture,  
' I know from whence you came—  
From my left side extracted,  
And Woman is your name.'

*Bridal Days.*

" So Adam he rejoiced  
To see his lovely bride—  
A part of his own body,  
The product of his side.

" The woman was not taken  
From Adam's head, we know ;  
So she must never rule him,  
'Tis evidently so.

" The woman was not taken  
From Adam's feet, we see ;  
So he must not abuse her,  
The meaning seems to be.

" The woman she was taken  
From under Adam's arm ;  
So she must be protected  
From injury and harm.

" The woman she was taken  
From near to Adam's heart ;  
By this we are directed  
That they must never part.

" Likewise that he should love her  
And prize her as his friend ;  
Prize nothing else above her  
Till life shall have an end.

" This seems to be the reason  
Why man should love his bride—  
A part of his own body,  
The product of his side."

## MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE, that solemn rite,  
Which doth the happy souls unite,  
Was blest in Adam's holy state  
In Eden, with his lovely mate.

Sure happiness is made complete  
When two fond hearts in union meet ;  
But marriage never gives true rest  
When love is absent from the breast.

LYDIA BAXTER.



## A BRIDAL SONG.

"DOST thou linger, gentle maiden,  
At the minster door?  
Dost thou tremble, tender maiden,  
On the chancel floor?  
Dost thou fear and dost thou falter  
When thou kneelest at the altar?  
With the bridegroom by thee now,  
Wilt thou take the marriage vow?

"If thy heart, O loving maiden!  
Thou hast given away,  
Without fear, O trustful maiden!  
Give thy hand to-day;  
Leaving father, leaving mother,  
Give thy life unto another,  
Taking back a dearer life  
From his love as wedded wife.

"Let him lead thee, wedded maiden,  
From the altar now;  
Thou art his forever, maiden,  
By that marriage vow;  
His in joy and sorrow ever,  
None these holy bonds may sever,  
Loving, trusting, stand beside  
Him who loves thee, happy bride."

## THE IRON AGE.











## THE IRON AGE.

OUR young friends have now been married one year. Some sight-seeing they have had, by or on the sea, among glorious hills, in the great busy city, where life is a study as seen in various conditions. All this has been done while they have not unwisely neglected business and religious duties. Like a gentle, bright dream their days have glided by, and now they will address themselves to the laying of foundations for an earthly home, which will grow dearer and richer each passing hour until it is the solace of age. So they build or hire a little cottage on the green hill-side, or in the rural village, where roses bloom, the honeysuckle climbs the cedar trestle, and robins sing; or it may be in the populous city where the altar is built. They begin to keep house—most interesting and memorable hour, never again will common things be so beautiful! They are now busy in planning and in selecting as far as the money can go, for they are too sensible to run into debt and worry peace away. Having become established after this honest sort, friends come cheerily in, sometime when the stars are shining, laden with iron, beaten and moulded into all useful forms. This iron is chiefly for the kitchen, laundry, and garden purposes, and in all the coming time will have an important bearing on domestic comfort; a well-prepared meal is very healing and pacific in its influence, and is, therefore, worthy of thought. The iron age is essential, and love one year old deepens all the while.



*Bridal Days.*

## EXPERIENCES.

WE laugh and we cry, we sing and we sigh,  
And life will have wintry weather ;  
So we'll hope and love on, since you, love, and I  
Are husband and wife together.

GERALD MASSEY.

---

L O V E .

MY heart, I'll ask the question,  
Pray, what is love? Say on!  
"Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."

And say, from whence love cometh?  
"Love comes, and it is there."  
Can love die out and vanish?  
"'Twas *none* that had such share."

But when is love the purest?  
"When 'tis unselfish seen."  
And when is love the deepest?  
"When stillest found, I ween."

And when is love the richest?  
"When granting it is rich."  
And say, what love is speaking?  
"It loves, but has no speech."

*Translations from HALM.*

### NO JEWELLED BEAUTY.

No jewelled beauty is my love,  
Yet in her earnest face  
There's such a world of tenderness  
She needs no other grace.  
Her smiles and voice around my life  
In light and music twine ;  
And dear, oh, very dear to me  
Is this sweet love of mine !

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,  
'Twas all for her, I trow ;  
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath  
I'll twine it on her brow.  
There may be forms more beautiful,  
And souls of sunnier shine,  
But none, oh, none, so dear to me  
As this sweet love of mine.

MASSEY.

## IRON—A SYMBOL.

IRON is strong, and the most useful of all metals, for it is malleable ; by fire becomes molten, and is easily moulded into every conceivable form. So there must be will, in order to obtain enduring character, strong, determined will ; but will which is malleable, and melts in the fire of pure affection, and runs into the mould of every manly and womanly beautiful virtue and grace.

Iron is good only as it is applied in making the useful and beautiful secure ; as in the building of the pretty cottage for the bridal couple. So is strength of will useful only as it serves the best thought and noblest virtues ; and as iron is much attracted by the magnet, so must mere strength yield to principle. Strength is sublime only when right, when governed by moral law and benevolent impulses ; then is seen the heroic. The grace of strength is the bosom of God, and it renders lovely every being in Heaven or on earth.

---

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;  
Time, you thief ! who loves to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in !  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
Say I'm growing old, but add,  
Jenny kissed me.

LEIGH HUNT.

## THE IRON WEDDING-DAY.

ONE year ago to-day, tears hallowed the bridal scene—tears, not of regret or remorse, but the overflowing conviction of the responsibility of the solemn act. One year ago to-day, and we went forth to meet the duties and to endure the toils of the married life. How quickly has it passed away, and here we stand stronger in each other's love and truer each to

“The bloom or blight of all men's happiness”—

the marriage tie—its vows and sympathies.

In one short year how have we learned the truth that—

“The happy minglement of hearts  
Where, changed as chemic compounds are,  
Each with its own existence parts  
To find a new one and happier far.”

The first year of married life is called the “Iron Period,” and this day is celebrated as the “Iron Wedding-Day.” Perhaps it is well named. In this first year how much there is to learn! How hard the lessons which lead to mutual forbearance, sympathy, and helpfulness!

Welcome, then, the friends whose kindly hearts prompt to kind congratulation, and whose offerings, for household use and ornament, are all of iron or of metals strong, the tokens of a victory won, and so, once won, is won forever.



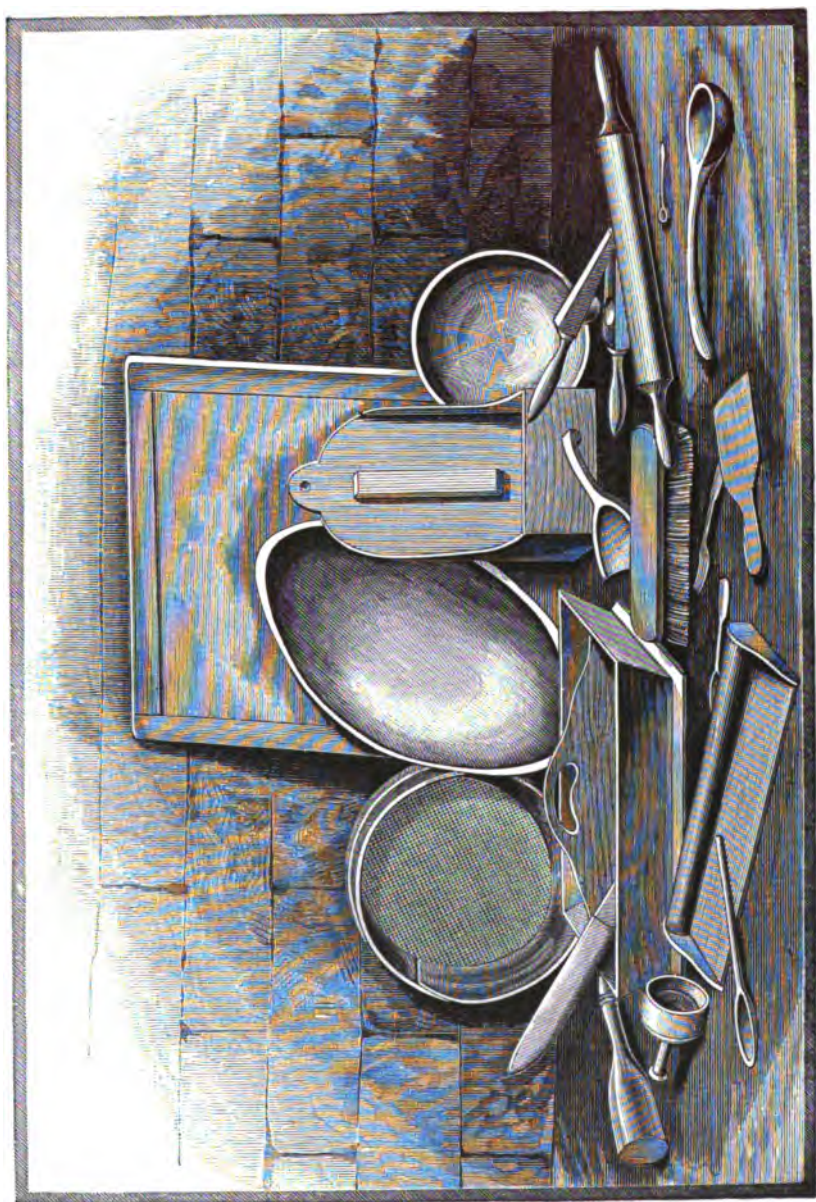
## THE WOODEN PERIOD.













## THE WOODEN PERIOD.

AFFECTIONATE interest multiplies the festal days of our bridal party who five years since in abundant hope passed out together into the unknown, from the ancestral fireside. This is a richer day than that. Illusions have faded away and they walk in a better, because truer light. They know each other better now than then, what their duties are, hence they grasp hands with a truer loyalty, and "Till death do us part" hath a tenderer, deeper meaning. Life is holier, broader, grander now; they measure the battle by their duty, and see what victory is, and its cost.

There were never five years without five Decembers, and so, because some bleak winds and falling leaves, on some mounds of vain but treasured hopes, the congratulations of friends, cut into oak, pine, walnut, cherry, or satin woods are five times more precious than five years gone by. They now know that friendship is as sweet in a wooden as it is in a golden cup; and that more needful than all is the heavenly Father's care, and His visit at every sundown: and why sundown? Do we need our Lord, who gathered little children on His heart to the joy of mothers, more at sundown than at sunrise or at heated noon? No! but sundown suggests night, and night suggests trial and watching and prayer, over the little ones who have come to live and rejoice with us, and intensify the pure love of the home-life. Happy day when a new spirit comes to laugh and sigh among us. We need them as much as they need us, for what in us is capable of help-

fulness is brought out and made to serve. In serving, the soul enlarges, renews its strength, and unfolds in fairest form. He toward whom children's eyes are, said, "I am in the midst of you as He that serveth." No feet are so beautiful as those worn and bleeding in our service.

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#### WONDERFUL BABE.

" 'THE father himself will love him,'  
Wonderful babe !  
" 'Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope, thou bright  
Pure dwelling, where two fond hearts keep their  
gladness.' "

---

#### C O U R A G E .

" COURAGE, O faithful heart ;  
Steadfast forever !  
In the eternal love,  
Faltering never.  
Courage, O downcast eyes,  
Bitter tears shedding ;  
Hark ! how the chimes ring out  
*Joy*, since the wedding."

W H I S P E R I N G S .

“ THOUGH the bird flies far  
And the fair flower goes,  
The sweet o’ the year  
Is set in the snows.

“ The wind o’ the winter  
It breaks into bloom,  
And suddenly songs  
Are sung in the gloom ;

“ And winging hearts cross  
And whisper together—  
And a night and a day  
It is perfect weather.”

---

F O O T S T E P S .

THE clock is on the stroke of six,  
The father’s work is done ;  
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire  
And put the kettle on ;  
The wild night wind is blowing cold  
’Tis dreary crossing o’er the wold.

. . . . .  
Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now ;  
He’s through the garden gate ;  
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,  
And do not let him wait.  
Shout, baby, shout ! and clap thy hands,  
For father on the threshold stands.

MARY HOWITT.



## FRUIT AND FOREST.





## FRUIT AND FOREST.

### T R E E S .

THE Wooden Period is extremely rich emblematically. Trees of every size, strength, beauty, grace, and fragrance, rise and spread and wave their "hands," in all of which is seen the power and wisdom of God. Trees beautified and shaded the lovely garden of Eden, sustained Adam and Eve, and ever since have been the fine adornment of the earth. Lebanon is noted most of all for its cedars.

"I have given you every tree," said the Lord, "for meat," "and behold it was very good." In Numbers we read, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob . . . as the trees of Lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted." This is a sweet-scented tree allied to the sandal-wood, which grows more fragrant as the circles of its years increase. Why should it not be so with the people of the wooden wedding? All the trees of Ephron were made sure to Abraham, and while enjoying his possession one day, three shining ones of God came to see him. With all the hospitality of a Christian gentleman he said to them, "Rest yourselves under the tree: and I will fetch a morsel of bread and comfort ye your hearts." No doubt the patriarch's reception-room was very beautiful, with its rich green ceiling hung on living rafters, where the birds of Syria built their nests, and its exquisitely woven carpet. A tree should be before every man's door.

The Lord guarded *fruit-trees* by law. "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof, by forcing an axe against them: for thou mayest eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down."

How fine is the satire of Jotham against the choice of Abimelech for king, when, under the trees of Gerizzim, he gave the parable of the trees, in which neither the olive, nor the fig, nor the vine, but only the bramble would serve. And Jesus' fig-tree is an everlasting sermon. David calls upon the "faithful trees" to praise the Lord; and Isaiah, seeing the prosperity of the Messiah's kingdom, says, "All the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the *fir-tree*, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree."

And so, when our Lord came, we are prepared in a little lull of objection, to see "a very great multitude spread their garments in the way," while "others cut down branches from the trees and strew them in the way."

As to the years of trees, Lord Bacon says: "The lasting is most in those that are largest of body, as oaks, elm, and chestnut. The cause is, for that trees last according to strength and quantity of their sap and juice, being well munit by their bark against the injuries of the air." He says that "trees that bear mast and nuts, are commonly more lasting than those that bear fruits," and that "trees that bring forth their leaves late in the year, and cast them late, are more lasting than those that sprout their leaves early or shed them betimes."

But the trees cut from the hills, their branches no longer as "hands clapping" for joy, command our attention on the wooden wedding-day. They now do other great and beautiful service in any useful form. Indeed, the Wooden Period covers the world's

age. Houses of wood multiply—from the log-house to the glittering palace—with all its carved wood; and when the Lord sought a house for His honor, that magnificent Temple of Solomon was built, and the choicest woods were used.

Ships that go down into the sea or sail the rivers, have in all ages been built of wood. Mr. Longfellow is gone, but "The Building of the Ship" remains in its beauty, ever preaching its sermon:

"Covering many a rood of ground  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut and elm and oak,  
And scattered here and there with these  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees.  
. . . . .  
There is not a ship that sails the ocean  
But every climate, every soil  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall."

And when the masts from Maine are placed, and

"The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,"

the ship is launched.

But useless were house or ship, without the wooden furniture; this, for this room—that, for the other; this, for the corner—that, for the closet. It will look brighter and be better from cellar to attic, if articles wrought of black-walnut, white holly, oak, ash, cherry, olive, maple, satin, ebony, or sandal woods are brought to the altar of wooden-wedding gifts. And, if it be possible, let a deed of a wooden house be found to crown the whole, to bring a tear and excite a song. Then, doubtless, if still on earth they are, we shall greet the happy dwellers in this house on the "Golden Wedding-Day."

## SWEET LESSONS.

" SWEET lessons from the skies,  
And from the earth, we see in stars and flowers ;  
The Violet looks not with jealous eyes  
On buds in leafy towers.

" Not envious of the Rose,  
That burns with fragrant fire in bushes sweet,  
Is the fair Daisy in its calm repose  
In shadows at its feet.

" Tall as the masts of ships,  
The peaceful trees, within the shady wood,  
Whisper soft syllables, with leafy lips,  
A happy brotherhood.

" The Ash nods to the Oak,  
The Elm bows to the plumed and towering Pine,  
And scars, made by the lurid lightning stroke,  
Are bandaged by the vine.

" The birds that sweetly sing  
From notes of flowers, in nature's open book,  
Heed not the style, nor color of the wing  
Of dove or sable rook.

" We hear the feathered choir  
In the vast orchestra of forests green ;  
No discord in their hearts provokes the ire  
Of choristers serene.

" Fraternity and love  
Are written clear in characters of light,  
And starry syllables of gold, above,  
When God uncurtains night."

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TO THE BLOSSOMING MAPLE.

MEEKLY languid is thy seeming,  
Bright with emerald tresses gleaming.  
Freshly pale thy charms unfold,  
Dipped in dyes of green and gold.  
Graceful from thy bare arms drooping,  
As a bridal robe when looping  
The festive wreath, whose freshness gone  
Dejected bow as one forlorn—  
Thy bell-tipped tassels to the air,  
Loosely fling their golden hair.  
Thine a willowy, swan-like mien—  
Still sprightly graces oft are seen.  
A pensiveness and easy grace  
Divide the beauty of thy face.

*Bridal Days.*

In fairy mirth and wavy play,  
Disporting in a blaze of day.  
From tufted crown thy ringlets fall,  
And wanton dance in airy hall.  
The spring bird stays his arrowy flight,  
Glances his tiny form in light,  
Steps with glad and tripping measure  
'Mid thy bowers of rosy pleasure,  
Pours on the air a merry lay,  
Plumes the light wing and away—away.  
Again—again he circles near,  
Surveys thy shades, as though in fear  
Some danger lurked in their retreat ;  
And cuts again with pinion fleet  
A mazy track athwart the sky,  
With gushing song or boding cry.

## FIVE YEARS AGO.

YFS! what precious memories crowd these years! Joy and sorrow, love and blessing, have each in their order sanctified the home and made it the more beautiful.

This is called the "Wooden Wedding," and offerings in wood grace all the house and gratify the eye. So let it be. Wood is less enduring than iron, and the experiences of well-regulated lives tell the story each of a life more beautiful, a mingled fellowship more sweet, as the years roll on, symbolized by the maple and the holly in all their polished elegance of art and structure.

The "Wooden Wedding-Day." Yes, let it be kept, and with every gift in wood, let the blessing fall in joyful hope and wishes true, of the coming time of a full decade, when even the beautiful wood shall be displaced, and the gilt and glitter of the shining ore shall grace the household shelves and kitchen walls.

Five years come and gone. We venture to affirm that, if each heart could be laid open, each motive of action analyzed, singleness of thought and purity of purpose would be discovered written in characters of light, the blessing of the husband and the wife during this period, called the Wooden Period of the married life. The shadows lengthen—the day is gone.



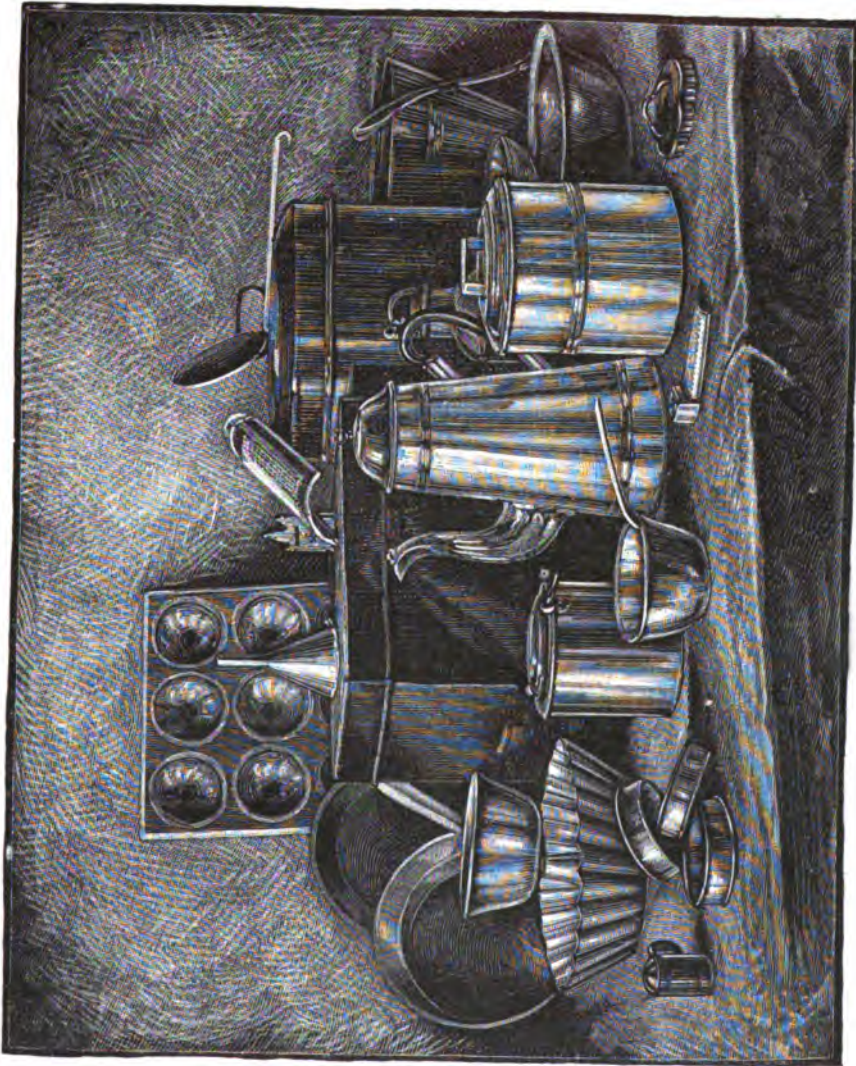


## THE TIN DECADE.











## THE TIN DECADE.

TEN YEARS! Yes, ten full years since the wedding; ten potent, forming years. We are "The growth of many yesterdays." By this time, surely, if ever, strong corner-stones are laid, and the design of the building shown in the order, form, and material of the growing wall, which now attracts attention and excites pride and hope. The last layer tells what the next will be, and so on to the bright and blessed finish. The overfulness of the bloom is gone, but richer regality and finer quality and simpler manners are observed. The eye is clearer of illusion, and the voice more confident and deeper in tone; more trial-tried, the dawn of maturity has come. Duty is sharper, but love is stronger to bear; anxiety is keener, but wisdom is better; there are fewer words and more thought; less self-assurance, but deeper convictions; greater mastery and trust in God. More happy faces beam around the precious circle, and Lucy, the eldest, already stands between the weary mother and increasing cares. There is no scene so lovely as this, so ennobling, this side the jasper wall of the Father's eternal city, where bliss doth always run, but never ends its course.

And there are tears

"That spot the cheek  
And tell more than tongue can speak."

There is a little grave under the white snow, or under a bank of



roses. Hearts are poorer and richer and more linked to Heaven. Other tears there are also, like those of the Son of God, of tender sympathy for others who have graves to keep.

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### B A B I E B E L L .

AT last he came, the messenger,  
The messenger from unseen lands,  
And what did darling Babie Bell?  
She only crossed her little hands,  
She only looked more meek and fair;  
We parted back her silken hair,  
We wove the roses round her brow,  
White buds, the summer-drifted snow,  
Wrapt her from head to foot with flowers,  
And thus went dainty Babie Bell  
Out of this world of ours.

ALDRICH.

## T E N   Y E A R S .

'Tis said ten years are tin,  
Whether or not you win  
Knowledge, or power, or fame ;  
'Tis always TIN, the same.  
With this philosophy  
I hardly can agree,  
'Tis surely more than this  
Unless great thought you miss.

Ten years, foundations laid  
With stone of firmest grade,  
Chiseled and laid in course,  
So solid that no force  
Can ever make a breach,  
Or its warm color bleach.  
Ten years, the walls arise  
Up t'wards the blessed skies ;  
So that e'en now I see  
More than mortality.

Behold the wondrous tint  
Which Heaven's golden glint  
Reveals to our glad eyes ;  
A tint that never dies—

*Bridal Days.*

The glory of God's grace  
Waving from either face.

Ten years give more than signs  
Of deep, exhaustless mines.  
No, no, not mines of tin,  
Of rust, and dust, and din !  
But mines of virgin gold  
That ne'er were bought or sold ;  
Of Christian thought, deed-born,  
That richer glows when worn ;  
Of doctrine pure and strong ;  
The girdle and the song ;  
Opening yon pearly gate,  
Where royal servants wait,  
Till pilgrims thither come,  
Their earthly mission done.

Of LOVE that spreads its breast  
Wherever sobs unrest,  
And turns a tearful eye  
On men condemned to die.  
The Rose that never fades ;  
The Light that lightens glades ;  
The Arm of mighty power  
That shields in terror's hour ;  
The Lullaby of God,  
When smitten by the rod ;  
The soul's " Thy will be done,"  
Crying when shines no sun,  
Rough sea, or thorny land,  
" O Father, take my hand ! "

Well, this I have to say,  
On this decadal day,  
With Bride and Bridegroom here,  
And rosy children dear,  
If this be tin, when old,  
How bright will be the gold !

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ONLY HALF A SCORE.

TEN YEARS have silent swept  
With all their train along ;  
Time and our hearts have kept  
The echoes of their voiceless song.

Their music—that of dreams—  
Floats in upon my soul.  
Its silent sweetness seems  
To soothe, like distant church bells' toll.

Those years ! How bright they seemed !  
With hopes and joys so filled.  
Their promise half redeemed  
Has left our lives with gladness thrilled.

Ten years have passed, and ten  
Or more, or less, are yet.  
The memories of the past remain,  
And joy in all the rest beget.

REV. FREDERICK B. PULLAN.

### MY OWN SWEET WIFE.

" THERE is a word of common sound  
That's oft pronounced by high and low ;  
Few liquids make it soft or round ;  
And yet there comes a sudden glow  
As starting from a dreaming mood  
Of careless, uneventful life,  
I hear a voice best understood,  
Call the charmed name—my own sweet—wife.

" What spell weaves joy around that word,  
Brightening the dullest, darkest hour,  
That when, or where, or how 'tis heard  
It wields such witching, wondrous power ?  
If Eve, when exiled from lost Eden,  
Wept the soft ease of that charmed life,  
What need of other gift of Heaven  
Than to be Adam's own sweet—wife.

" And so my prayer I make to thee,  
In joy or sadness, grief or pain,  
That always you bestow on me  
The name my love would still retain.  
No sting can sorrow leave behind,  
No fear of anger nor of strife,  
No harsh replies, nor thoughts unkind  
Can mingle with the term—sweet wife."

### M I N E .

MINE! God, I thank that Thou hast given  
Something all mine on this side of Heaven ;  
Something as much myself to be  
As this my soul which I lift to Thee.

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,  
Life of my life, whom Thou dost make  
Two to the world for the world's work sake,  
But each unto each, as in Thy sight *one*.

MRS. MULOCK CRANE.

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### R E C O N C I L E D .

As through the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I :  
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There, above the little grave,  
Oh, there above the little grave,  
We kissed again in tears.

TENNYSON.

## TEN YEARS AGONE.

How precious is our home to-day! This is called the "Tin Wedding." Why? Perhaps it is because the romance incident to earlier days and associations has ripened into the real, and yet no less beautiful and loving experiences of a more personal, practical way of living.

A "Tin Wedding" indeed. Ten years have come and gone. There is a lamp that burns brightly from surrounding circumstances; it burns in the home of to-day, and lights the track of household memories.

With limited resources, hearts full of affection, and hand joined in hand ten years ago, the loving pair engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials, and pleasures of life. How sacredly have they kept their vows. Enlarged resources bless their frugality and their toil; children prattle on the floor, as the last gift lies sleeping in the cradle, and all these speak of domestic pleasure, and the sweets of that home in itself make a little paradise.

How enchanting is the scene, and how magical under the mellow light of ten precious, thoughtful, toilsome, loving years. The censer of the heart is touched; its flame is inextinguishable, and now, if ever, love's offering is pure; it is renewed at the altar of "home memories," while the gathering beauties of domestic joys scatter flowers of faith and hope, which shall make the pathway of

travel charming and cheering on to crystal graces, glories, and gifts.

Yes! the lamp may burn ; its light is precious, and thus with coming days will the fond husband and loving wife plod on to richer scenes in the light of hearts flaming with the sweet odors of truth, and hope, and mutual toil. Welcome, then, the friends of the Time of Tin : may we live to see the "Crystal."



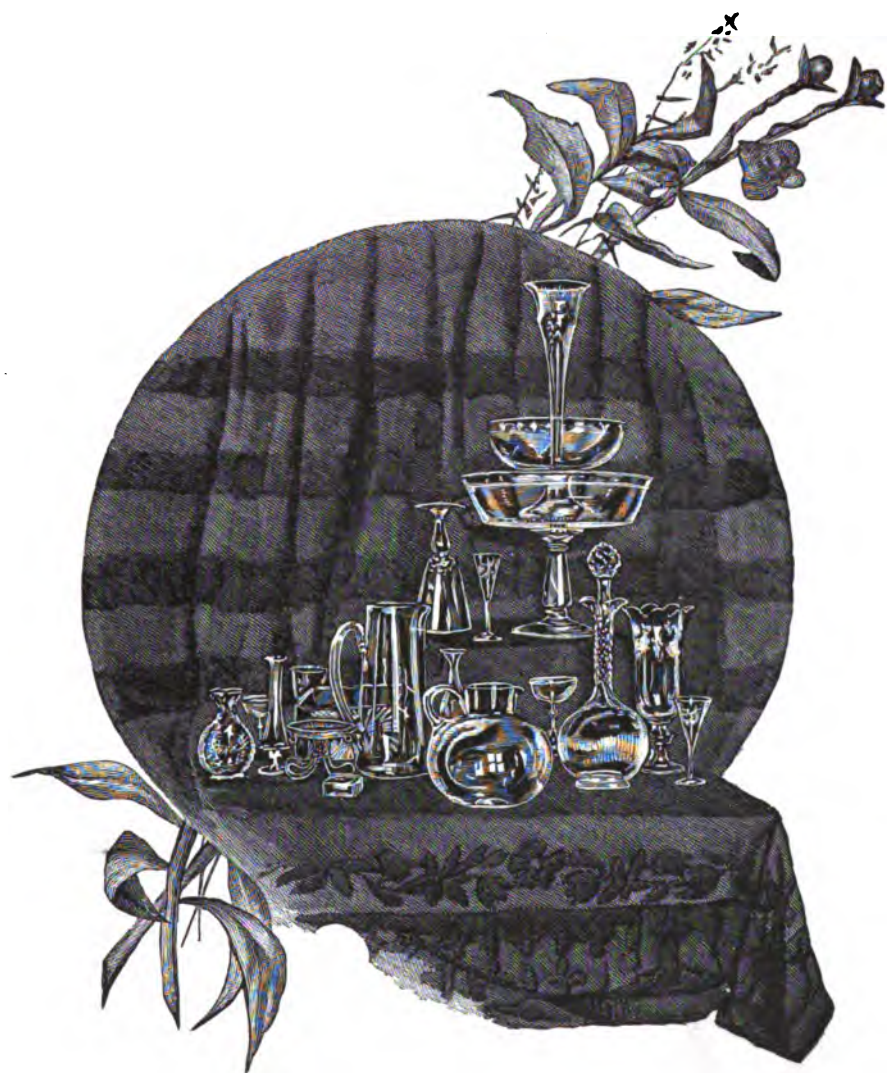


## CRYSTAL BLESSINGS.











## CRYSTAL BLESSINGS.

CRYSTALS are beautiful in the dim starlight, sparkling in the clear sunshine. Dull matter by a wonder-working law has become changed into forms of indescribable beauty. Hidden away in dark dank caves, they are

“ From the arched roof,  
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps.”

Everywhere crystals in varied form charm the eye, and all this beauty and brilliancy result from the mystical, inherent power of cohesive attraction.

Our friends, growing constantly into our love and admiration, have walked together five more roads over moor and mountain, in light and gloom ; but in light and gloom, tears and laughter, the true, old-plighted love hath richer, clearer grown. It hath crystallized in many a solid virtue, in rare forms of beauty, in gentle lines of light, in holy deeds almost divine ; even the sharp angles, so hard to turn, gather serenest loveliness and shed light of fuller life. Even in seasons of sharpest pain and almost destroying sorrow, when even Heaven seemed to close its blinds and keep within its light and voice, richer and better life crystallized. And, then, here are the children ! “ How they have grown ! ” What times there are now of fun and wit, of the good



and comical ; when stories grow that will be told in the border-land with pride and zest. How proud these people are ! how rich ! what hopes dart up and out into the far-away life ! what plans are formed, and how strength knits together by many strands ! In no line of art or science has aught so precious and beneficent been wrought in fifteen years as here. Invention may boast its skill, and discovery its continents and worlds, but here is to be found power and conquest infinitely grander. Noble bridal pair, the Heavens and the earth, angels and men, congratulate you.

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EARLIER HEAVEN.

A GLIMPSE of Heaven to see  
To none on earth is given,  
And yet a happy family  
Is but an earlier Heaven.

BOWRING.

## THE FAMILY.

"THE Family is like a Book,  
The Children are the leaves,  
The Parents are the cover, that  
Protective beauty gives.

"At first the pages of the book  
Are blank and purely fair,  
But time soon writeth memories  
And painteth pictures there.

"Love is the little golden clasp  
That bindeth up the trust ;  
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves  
Shall scatter and be lost."

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## MATERNITY.

"A FAIR face bent above the boy ;  
It must have been the boy's own mother,  
For never would such pride and joy  
Have lit the face of any other."

## THE CRYSTAL WEDDING.

IN olden time, I have been told,  
When husband chose a wife,  
One wedding served the twain, to hold  
Through all their mortal life.

In modern times, if for five years  
The bond has holden good,  
People are coming, it appears,  
To wed again with wood.

If for ten years the twain abide,  
Again the friends come in  
To clasp the knot so firmly tied,  
In wedding called the Tin.

And yet again the tried and true,  
When five years more shall pass,  
Are wont to celebrate anew  
Their wedding termed the Glass.

Thus Hymen's bond, the people learn,  
Grows dear in growing old,  
And hence they celebrate in turn  
With China, Silver, Gold.

Thus far we've journeyed on the way,  
Till fifteen years from starting,  
And are not yet prepared to say  
That we are bent on parting.

A cordial greeting we extend  
To all whose presence bright,  
Combines a social joy to lend  
On this our Crystal night.

Unitedly we pledge you all,  
But not in sparkling wine ;  
Oh, may our loved ones never fall  
Before its mocking shrine.

Then fill the glass for each to-night  
From Nature's crystal tide,  
That which has sparkled, pure and bright,  
Since Eve became a bride.

We know our Lord, 'tis truly said,  
Turned water into wine,  
And by the power He thus displayed  
Proved that He was divine ;

And at the Supper gave command  
That we partake the same  
Throughout all time, in every land,  
Remembering His name.

*Bridal Days.*

An emblem of our Saviour's blood,  
Let wine forever be,  
Reminding of the crimson flood  
That flowed for you and me.

But not fermented, madd'ning wine,  
Which hath such ruin wrought,  
Of that vile product of the vine  
The Word saith "Touch it not."

Then fill the glass for each, to-night,  
From Nature's crystal tide,  
That which has sparkled, pure and bright,  
Since Eve became a bride.

How rapidly through all these years  
Life's moments have been fleeting,  
Bringing us mingled joys and tears,  
Sad parting and fond greeting.

Four children form our little band,  
And call us Father, Mother,  
While two are in the "Happy Land,"  
A sister and a brother.

And thus our God, in giving joy,  
Hath not forgotten chiding ;  
All earthly bliss hath some alloy,  
And may not prove abiding.

Yet all along the light hath shone  
Above the fleeting shadows,  
Which sometimes settle darkly down  
As fog upon the meadows.

And while the rain may fall to-day,  
The sun will shine to-morrow ;  
And thus our Father hath always  
Dispelled our clouds of sorrow.

Now, grateful for the tender care  
Which thus far has been o'er us,  
We'll trust our Father to prepare  
The way that lies before us.

MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON.

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TO HIS WIFE.

INSULATED as I am in a place so little like that whose enjoyments surround you, separated from my best friends, deprived of all the endearments that sweeten the bitter cup of human existence, my chiefest happiness consists in pouring into your ear the effusions of an undiminished love, and in cherishing the sweet evidences which you will, I hope, almost daily transmit me, of its being repaid with a full measure of that regard on your part which I prize more highly "than gold, yea, than fine gold." . . . I wish the little cherubs over whose slumbers you are at this moment watching with a mother's kindness and affection, were old enough to scribble to their absent father ; and I'll answer for it, the mail to this great city (Washington) in the desert would come heavier freighted.

JAMES MILNOR (M.C., *afterward* D.D.)



## THE LINEN WEDDING.













## THE LINEN WEDDING.

WHOEVER suggested that the twentieth anniversary of the marriage should be called the "Linen Wedding," may simply have been in search of some name which had not been before appropriated, and for lack of a better called it this; for the "Linen Wedding" is, comparatively, of recent birth. Possibly, however, there was in the mind of the author of this name a fitness in it for this special anniversary. Let us seek to discover what it could have been. Whence, then, the name? Our English word "line" is from the same root as linen; in fact, linen originally meant a linen line, and linen cloth was made of "line." Spencer speaks of "garments made of line." Did the author of this name have this in mind, and think that there was an appropriateness in alluding to the *lines* which bound the hearts together of those who, for twenty years, had been happily wed, or of the pleasantness of the places in which their "lines" had fallen? Or, did he think of that other word, which has the same derivation, *lint*, and dare suggest that by this time in married life there might be many wounds to be carefully bandaged? Let us rather think that the idea which suggested the name was this: Linen is a close, strong fabric, and the marriage relation of twenty years is a strong and firm one. Linen has its warp and woof—it would not be linen if there was only the warp or the woof; both are needed to make the beautiful fabric. Husband and wife are the warp and woof of wedded life,

and the closer they are woven together by the shuttle of time, the finer will be the texture of their character and the more useful and beautiful their married lives. The weaving of the strands for twenty years, where no breakage or loose threads have been permitted, will make the married life, like some choice work of tapestry, beautiful to the sight and a joy to its possessors forever. And, if only the wedded life have its strongest tie in a common love to Him who hath sanctioned marriage and bestowed upon it His blessing, then will they who have loved each other upon the earth be arrayed in "the fine linen clean and white" of the saints, and rejoice together at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

REV. LEWIS FRANCIS, A.M.

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### L I F E .

A SAIL ! 'Tis silver now and blue,  
And haze between the hills of green.  
It glides across by power unseen,  
And blue and haze remain in view.

REV. FREDERICK B. PULLAN.

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### U S E F U L N E S S .

HE who makes the largest contributions of happiness to others, will receive the largest measure of joy for himself.

## ANOTHER WEDDING-DAY.

A SCORE of years we count to-day, since we went forth from the homes of our childhood as husband and wife.

Together have we borne the rain and the sunshine; together have we met its responsibilities and pleasures. There never has come any wandering of heart—any wishing for change. Side by side have we walked, and if sometimes the way seemed dark and narrow, yet, over all, the sunshine of love has cheered us, and made us cry, "It is well," for "He doeth all things well."

It is said that beautiful and useful fabrics are the offerings of this anniversary. But what is more beautiful than the exchange of hearts and the woven threads of tried and tested affections?

How charming is the scene of home to us! No gift can make it more precious; no fabric can add to its adornment. Twenty years of married life make us think of the journey traveled. How fair and sweet are the flowers of precious memories, and how green the grasses of life's meadows to-day! Let us take a fresh start toward "the silver stream"; we may reach its margin in the next anniversary; but in faith, and hope, and love, when the life-journey ends, we shall find it as it flows by "the throne of God." Thus the wife blesses her husband, and "her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Our lives shall henceforth, as ever, be quiet and trustful amid the unrest and unworthy ambitions of the time, and should we reach the "three-score years and ten," together will we think and sing of the robe of righteousness in "the home over there."



## A R E V E R I E .

FOUR times five years around has rolled the bridal day, and two souls, united by the growth of two decades, we stand and gaze on past, on present, and on coming time.

To heights above the well-tilled fields of life we've climbed, and in the distance far we see that first glad day, when from hymeneal altar we went forth to sow, and reap, and spin, and weave the pure white linen of the marriage dress, which in our souls we vowed we each would make and wear.

E'en then we knew, or thought we knew, that life's white garments were not made of dreams or hopes, of fears or smiles, but of that sterner stuff called action true.

So from the altar went we forth, seed-sowing far and wide, scattering then, for this day's reaping, all the flax-seed in our keeping. And the willing land caught up the guerdon, and in sudden joy the free expanse with bluest blossoms reflected back the dome above! We had scarcely sowed, when with quick joy the gracious earth sent forth green blade and stalk and blossom fair, and life seemed all one sweet surprise of gifts spontaneous.

Of gifts spontaneous life seemed all made up; but the blue flax blossoms fair were frail, and could not stand the tear of wear.

Within the stalk were tiny threads and splints and hair-like fibres of the possible, unformed, oncoming linen garment, with which, *not* being clothed upon, our lives would be but bare indeed.

But the beauty of blossoms is not "the garment of Praise." Before that wonder-robe of life could e'er be wrought, there must

be reaping done, and steeping, and drying done, and heating; there must be the toil of threshing, and fibres must be torn on hooks set for their fining, and the riven atoms of the rended threads, all trembling in the heated air, must bleached be and rubbed, then cooled and sprayed, then spun with dreary drone of sleepy wheel, which ever running dull duty's rounds, from a full distaff spins life's achievement.

Ah! Well is the day that all the toil which goes to the making of the pure white linen, is not chimed forth in the peal of the bells which ring in the marriage morn! For youth is timid as well as gay, and blossoms seem fairer, yes, fairer aye than the fibre and pith of life's *real* things.

And, oh, the blue of the waving blossom and the glow and the glamour of sweet surprises of gifts spontaneous, seem fairer far to youth's demands than priceless robe of Samite rare which life idyllic ever wore.

So, when halcyon dreams 'mid bridal blossoms *are* broken by distaff, spindle, and wheel, and the heavy machine whose clangor and rattle tell less of Love's dreams and more of life's battle, *then we need to know that the blossoms but come to bring the fibre of life into being.*

Then, our souls alert with glad surprise at life's high meaning, will mourn no more the blossoms fled, will weep no more the vanished blue, for the whirr of life's wheel, and the fining of flax, and the gaining whiteness of linen sheen, will have gathered within themselves all that seemed lost, and will have safe treasured up all that "might have been."

MRS. EVELEEN L. MASON.

## BE GENTLE WITH THY WIFE.

" Be gentle—for you little know  
How many trials rise ;  
Although to thee they may be small,  
To her of giant size.

" Be gentle—though perchance that lip  
May speak a murmuring tone ;  
The heart may speak with kindness yet  
And joy be all thine own.

" Be gentle—weary hours of pain  
'Tis woman's lot to bear ;  
Then yield her what support thou canst,  
And all her sorrows share.

" Be gentle—for the noblest hearts  
At times may have some grief,  
And even in a pettish word  
May seek to find relief.

" Be gentle—none are perfect here—  
Thou'rt dearer still than life ;  
Then, husband, bear, and still forbear—  
Be gentle to thy wife."

## T I M E .

“ A BIT of sea, all blue and haze,  
Let in between two verdured steeps,  
Whose silent, ceaseless vigil keeps  
Restraint upon our wandering gaze.”

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## H A P P Y M O T H E R .

HAPPY that mother of a numerous family who can manage its concerns with the meekness and composure of wisdom, and adjust its affairs in such a manner as that it may not exclude the pleasures of devotion and cut her off from the means of religious improvement ! Happy the man who, in a pressing variety of secular business, is not so cumbered and careful as to forget that one thing which is absolutely needful, but resolutely chooses that better part, and retains it as the only secure and everlasting treasure.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.



## THE SILVER STREAM.













## THE SILVER STREAM.

A QUARTER of a century has glided by since our bridal party, in the very bloom of being, started out, not knowing whither, nor caring, so long as they went together. And together they have come, in all virtue, trust, patience, and love, or they were not here as they are, more dutiful and resolved in all those principles which give dignity to life. Their strength is renewed as the eagle's, and their joy trills their clearest Miriam song as they cross the "Silver Stream."

Indeed, the purest silver ever mined and wrought into elaborate cup or plate, or stamped with government seal, is a poor symbol of the value, power, and beauty of this day whose sunrise few bridal parties greet. "The Iron Age," "The Oak and Satin Period," "The Tin Decade," and rich "Crystal Blessings" pour their abundant best into this deep, broad, glorious "Silver Stream."

Our friends may well be congratulated, and they are. They have the pure silver of experience which only so many years give; memories they have of conflict and victory, which grow richer every eventide. They have discovered the *best*; the best of heart and the best of hand; the best in the Bible and out of the Bible; the best in the old Church whose altars have not been thrown down in their hearts; the best and brightest in the world, the brightest of virtues, the triumphs of trust, the joy of minis-

tering, and the intense pride, as well as joy of paternity and maternity.

All hail this Silver Stream! Welcome, thrice welcome, loyal hearts! What to-day is gold, what fame, what all the splendors of power, compared with thy crown, radiant with light, almost divine, mellowed by sorrow, touched by the hand divine, that "doeth all things well?" All but "Ben" and "Kate" are here, and they from serener heights are looking down, and whispering their love along the sunbeams through the air, pouring now upon their blessed heads. Noble children and loyal friends, old and new, greet you. Lead the way to the banquet, singing as we go :

" Flow softly, sweet river,  
Rich laden with love ;  
Thanks be to the Giver,  
The Father above."

### WHEN THE OLD RING WAS NEW.

THE wedding-ring which has now been worn twenty-five years, has not been laid aside a single day, and has grown thin by use; beautiful, beautiful ring! He who gave it in tenderness says:

"Your wedding-ring grows thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,  
Since I put it on your finger first have passed o'er me and you;  
And love, what changes have we seen—what cares and pleasures too—  
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

"O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,  
When, thanks to God, your low sweet 'yes' made you my loving wife!  
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,—  
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

"Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife,—young voices that are here,  
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear;  
Young loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,  
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

"The past is dear; its sweetness, still our memories treasure yet—  
The griefs we've borne together, we would not now forget.  
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,  
We'll share as we have shared all else, since this old ring was new.

"And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,  
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;  
Your aged eyes will see in mine still all they've shown to you,  
And mine in yours, all they've seen since this old ring was new."

W. COX BENNETT.

### THE FARMER'S SILVER TRIBUTE.

" TWENTY-FIVE years are gone, thank God, to-day !  
Two decades and a half, thank God, I say !  
Because we are yet among you ; we two  
Yet with you, friends, to say, ' How do you do ? '

" Twenty-five years ago we married were,  
The girl and I. Just as the chestnut burr  
And flowers withered and fell in the lane :  
Were we back there now, would do it again.

" This our silver wedding ? Why, how is this ?  
'Tis plain enough ! we never forgot to kiss.  
Love came along with the husband and wife,  
And silver wedding it's been all the life.

" We haven't grown rich, and mighty, and big,  
Not been able to go 'yond a farmer's rig ;  
But we're not ashamed of the past, I say,  
We who've been married twenty-five years to-day.

" I said before, we haven't got lots of gold ;  
But then we have what's better—in our fold,  
We have four splendid boys, and daughters two,  
Not smarter than mother is, but will do.

" I love you, friends, for coming here to-day ;  
At such a time as this I've much to say ;  
But mighty words seem to me mighty small,  
When I think how Father God has kept us all.

" Be glad, dear friends, with us this shining day,  
Over God's silver blessings and their spray ;  
The golden one we know we'll celebrate  
With you, or with the Lord—He has the date."

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G R A T I T U D E .

HUSBAND and wife, sons and daughters, once more together gather round the old family altar, loaded and fragrant with heart-offerings to the Lord. The old well-worn Bible is opened, and the thankful husband and father reads: "Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

" Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King  
The saint, the father, and the husband, prays  
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing'  
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;  
There ever bask in uncreated rays  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear ;  
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."

*" Cottager's Saturday Night."*



### THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

BECAUSE, though young, I seemed so old ;  
Because tear-blind I missed my way ;  
Because I felt December's cold  
Shoot down the violet veins of May,  
I thought my life had gone to waste,  
Its SILVER fountains all run dry ;  
Its fruit were ashes to my taste,  
Its light was darkness to mine eye.  
But now my youth revives once more,  
The freshness of my heart comes back ;  
The full tide beats the golden shore,  
And roses redden Winter's track.  
The singing birds are on the boughs,  
Sweet perfumes flood the morning air ;  
I feel descending on my brows  
The crown that only queens may wear.  
Your hand, dear love ! To you I owe  
This new array my life puts on ;  
This light, this warmth, the rosy glow  
Slow flushing through this starry dawn.  
To love belongs what love creates ;  
If you my youth's sere bloom renew  
Therein, your rich reward awaits,  
Since all anew I give to you.

MRS. J. S. WOODS.

## SILVER MOUNTAIN.

“ A SILVER mountain rises to my sight,  
And silver steps I see in the soft light ;  
They number twenty-five this very day,  
And upward tend where golden splendors play.  
It has not been just as we thought 'twould be—  
We see not now just what we thought we'd see.

“ On that step yonder, disappointments came ;  
On this, a cruel break of friendship's chain ;  
On that step shaded little Amy died ;  
On this, o'erworked—well, George and I both cried.  
But as I look adown the steps we trod,  
I hear the footsteps of our loving God.  
And every step to shining silver turns,  
And compensation's glory brightly burns.

“ And so, if tears have stained the steps now trod,  
They drip with mercies of a faithful God ;  
And all things praise Him on this wedding-day,  
Who is our Life, our Truth, and silver Way.  
And so conclude, viewed in the light of noon,  
Better than honey is the Harvest Moon.”

## THE SILVER WEDDING.

A QUARTER of a century  
Has rolled upon Time's tide,  
Since thou, a youthful lover, came  
To claim thy chosen bride.

How beautiful Life's pathway seemed  
In those fresh early years,  
Decked all along with buds of hope,  
Undimmed by cares or tears !

For it has wisely ever been,  
Since Love's first blushing morn,  
We grasp the rose without a thought  
Of underlying thorn.

And yet to all Life's changing hours  
Some cares and sorrows bring ;  
Some thorns are placed amid the flowers,  
Lest we too fondly cling

To earthly joys, which must decay,  
Alas, that they may prove  
Reminders of that better life,  
Where all is light and love.

A quarter of a century !  
What changes it hath wrought !  
And as a token Father Time  
Some silver hairs hath brought.

We could not be surprised to see  
Some wrinkles on the brow ;  
Yet he hath gently dealt to show  
The twain so fair as now.

And tested by the fires of Time  
Thy faith appears to-night  
Like silver that is purified,  
Or burnished doubly bright.

And we have come to wish you joy,  
Trusting that there may be  
A silver lining to each cloud  
Over the coming way ;

And that confiding, hand in hand,  
You still may journey on,  
Till joined in wedding, once again,  
And that a Golden One.

MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON.

## THE SILVER GREETING.

AFTER twenty-five years of wedded life, loved ones come together with their silver greeting, thus :

" Dear friends, we come to greet you  
And chant in humble lay,  
Your first bright silver crescent  
Now waning fast away.  
How each unto the other  
In plighted faith ye gave,  
And in your little life-boat  
Launched out upon the wave.

" The morning sun beams brightly  
O'er life's broad, silvery sea,  
As down the smiling harbor  
Ye drop confidently.  
And with your heavenly Pilot  
Your fragile bark to guide,  
Securely float, or safely  
Defy the rolling tide.

" Tho' silvery skies may vanish,  
Yet many a silver shower  
Dispels the clouds' foreboding,  
And gilds the dark'ning hour.  
While gentler dews descending  
In blessings from above,  
In sparkling brilliants blending,  
Reflect the Father's love.

“And tho’ within the furnace  
Your faith may linger long,  
The precious trial makes you  
More pure, and bright, and strong.  
And when the Great Refiner  
Shall His own face behold  
Within the burnished metal,  
Ye ‘shall come forth like gold.’

“Then trust the Ark of Safety,  
And ‘neath her colors sail,  
For lo! her faithful anchor  
Is cast within the veil  
Where Jesus, your great Captain,  
With loved ones gone before,  
Is waiting you a welcome,  
On yonder Shining Shore.”

MRS. S. G. ABBOTT.



## THE GOLDEN ERA.









## THE GOLDEN ERA.

FIFTY years ago two young people wedded. Fifty years is a long while in our world, though like a dream when gone; nearly all then living and present at the wedding are "asleep." The balance has decayed, the stone wall fallen, and ashes for beauty are everywhere.

From yonder city street whose old stone pavements are cut deep by vast processions, all are gone who then were there. Fire, poverty, enterprise, Time, have changed the form of all. In yonder valley, where stood the old homestead among orchards and standing corn, stands now a thrifty town; nothing is as it was, unless it be the old well.

Where are our old friends? We have not seen them in a quarter of a century; as others are they gone? Bless Heaven and us, no! Here they come! look at them, the dear old folks, arm in arm. Venerable! beautiful! they never were so precious. The bridegroom's head is as white as snow, and the bride's; they bend under the weight of years; their four eyes are not as sure as one was once; they can not toil as then, nor brave the storm, but never was affection so pure, loyalty so true, faith so full in God, and never had they such joy as now in their children and grandchildren. I overhear:

"Father!"

"Well, mother!"

"This is our golden wedding-day, father!"

"Yes, mother! I had forgotten—all are golden now, until Richard came in from his office this morning, so jolly, and took my hand as though he was proud of its wrinkles, and Bell and Jennie, became so busy, put their arm around my old neck, as if they were celebrating, and had so many orders and letters, and you looked as mischievous as ever you did."

"We are blessed, father."

"We are, mother, in our Lord, in our church, in our friends, in our boys and girls, and in each other; but, Polly, I wish Ben and Kate were here; how noble Ben was, and so was Kate." The old man rose from his easy-chair, led his Polly to the window, and as he saw the marbles on the hill-side, some tears ran down the furrows, and at length he said: "Polly, I say, I wish Ben and Kate were here."

"No! Richard, not here! we are soon going by the way of the hill-side, and we want somebody to go to."

"True, Polly, it is well; we are better for their going away. I did not love Heaven then as now. God knew how to get me."

"I say, as I said before, we are blessed."

"Yes, we are; and to God be all the glory for the past, for the present, and the future," said the old man, earnestly.

"God has made me very happy and proud in you, my noble husband!"

"Has He, Polly? Do you think so now, after all the infirmities of fifty years?" Well—

"We were never apart, my dear, one day,  
Whatever the cloud that cloaked our way;  
For neither's love bewailed its mate,  
Dead and buried in the grave of hate.

"Fifty years is a long while, dear,  
Counting each hour, and care, and tear ;  
Yet so smooth hath true love run,  
It seems to-day it was begun."

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TO LYDIA.

SENATOR DICKINSON was sixty-six years old when he died, and the love of his youth was the pride of his life. About a week before he died the venerable statesman wrote :

"We started hand in hand to tread  
The chequered, changeful path of life,  
And with each other, trusting, thread  
The battle-fields of worldly strife.

. . . . .

"No change of life, no change of scene,  
No fevered dreams, no cankering cares,  
No hopes which are, or e'er have been,  
Nor wrinkled brow, nor silver hairs,

"Have ever changed that vow of youth,  
Or blotted it from memory's page,  
But warm as love and pure as truth,  
It ripens with the frost of age."

Mrs. Dickinson's life was eventful. In every way she evinced true womanhood, was loved while living, and mourned now that she is gone.

## WHEN WE WERE YOUNG AND GAY.

VOICES are heard from without ; there are merry greetings, and the old people are proud and happy, and so are their friends. Fine carriages, with great people in them, roll to the gate all the evening, and common wagons come with old friends, and more on foot, to grasp the hands of Uncle Richard and Aunt Polly, who were joined in marriage fifty years ago. After the friends were gone the old man said to his wife :

“ When we were young and gay, love,  
When we were young and gay,  
When distant seemed December,  
And all was golden May ;  
Amid our life's hard turmoil  
Our true love made us brave ;  
We thought not of the morrow,  
We reck'd not of the grave ;  
So far seemed life's dim twilight,  
So far the close of day,  
When we were young and gay, love,  
When we were young and gay.

“ Now we are old and gray, love,  
Now we are old and gray,  
The night-tide shadows gather,  
We have not long to stay.  
The last sere leaves have fallen,  
The bare bleak branches bend,  
Put your dear hands in mine, love,  
Thus, thus we'll wait the end.  
' Thank God for all the gladness ! '  
In peaceful hope we'll say,  
Now we are old and gray, love,  
Now we are old and gray.”

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

A HALF a century has fled  
In rapid golden sands,  
Since lover true, and willing bride,  
Were plighted, hands with hands ;  
With blended sails to journey on  
Life's changing billows o'er,  
Until their bark should moor upon  
A brighter, fairer shore.

Upon the holy Sabbath day  
United were the twain ;  
And after half a century,  
Upon God's day again,  
As memory adown the years  
Her somber light is shedding,  
Recalling mingled joys and tears,  
They hold their Golden Wedding.

True Love has been their beacon light,  
And Faith an anchor firm  
To hold the ship through darksome night,  
Or wildly tossing storm ;  
While Hope, a gentle guiding star,  
With radiance soft and bright,  
Has beamed upon them from afar,  
A never-fading light.



*Bridal Days.*

Earth's blossoms lend a fragrance rare,  
Yet Time the fact discloses  
That be they ne'er so bright and fair,  
Thorns lurk amid the roses ;  
Yet these dear friends have culled the flowers  
Through all the changing years,  
For Hope has smiled in all their joys,  
And glistened through their tears.

Dear children came to cheer their home,  
" Well-springs of joy " were they ;  
Some in the paths of Earth still roam,  
While on this golden day  
Others are joined with angel throngs  
Around the Father's throne,  
To sing in joyous, blissful songs,  
Those early gathered home.

As now we offer thanks anew  
For all Life's blessings given,  
By faith we catch a joyous view  
Of fairer scenes in Heaven ;  
And as our humble voices raise  
Unto the Bounteous Giver,  
We know they're echoed by the praise  
Of those beyond the river.

In honor of that wedding day,  
Just fifty years ago,  
Some words to cheer Life's future way  
We gladly would bestow ;

And shall we wish long years of joy?  
Quickly a thought forbidding  
Whispers, Alas! how few there are  
Who see their Golden Wedding!

As golden grows the radiant light  
Around the setting sun,  
Thus may these lives grow warm and bright  
Until Time's course is run;  
At last may all, with ransomed songs,  
In heavenly mansions meet,  
To join the never-parting throngs  
Who walk the Golden Street.

MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON.

## AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

AN aged couple, celebrated for their various pleasant and instructive writings, lately issued a greeting to all their friends on the occasion of their Golden Wedding. The card, which was beautifully finished, bore their photographs, and was accompanied by the following poem :

"Yes! fifty years of troubles—come and gone—  
I count since first I gave thee hand and heart!  
But none have come from thee, dear wife—not one,  
In griefs that sadden'd me thou hadst no part—  
Save when, accepting more than woman's share  
Of pain and toil, despondency and care,  
My comforter thou wert, my hope, my trust:  
Ever suggesting holy thoughts and deeds;  
Guiding my steps on earth, through blinding dust,  
Into the Heaven-lit path that heavenward leads.

"So has it been, from manhood unto age,  
In every shifting scene of Life's sad stage,  
Since—fifty years ago—a humble name  
I gave to thee—which thou hast given to fame—  
Rejoicing in the wife and friend to find  
The woman's lesser duties—all—combined  
With holiest efforts of creative mind.

"And if the world has found some good in me,  
The prompting and the teaching came from thee!  
God so guide both that so it ever be!  
So may the full fount of affection flow,  
Each loving each as—fifty years ago!

"We are going down the rugged hill of life  
    Into the tranquil valley at its base ;  
But hand in hand, and heart in heart, dear wife :  
With less of outer care and inner strife,  
    I look into thy mind and in thy face,  
And only see the angel coming nearer,  
To make thee still more beautiful and dearer,  
When from the thrall and soil of earth made free,  
Thy prayer is heard for me, and mine for thee !"

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THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD.

WITH fifty years between you and your well-kept wedding vow,  
The Golden Age, old friends of mine, is not a fable now.

And sweet as has life's vintage been through all your pleasant  
    past,

Still, as at Cana's marriage feast, the best wine is the last.

. . . . .

Older and slower, yet the same files in the long array,  
And hearts are light and eyes are glad, though heads are badger-  
    gray.

. . . . .

May many more of quiet years be added to your sum,  
And late at last in tenderest love the beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there, alike below, above ;  
Our friends are now in either world, and love is sure of love.

WHITTIER.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

"COME, my wife, put down the Bible,  
Lay your glasses on the book,  
Both of us are bent and aged—  
Backward, mother, let us look.  
This is still the same old homestead  
Where I brought you long ago,  
When the hair was bright with sunshine  
That is now like winter's snow ;  
Let us talk about the babies  
As we sit here all alone—  
Such a merry lot of youngsters !  
How we lost them one by one !

" Jack, the first of all the party,  
Came to us one winter night ;  
Jack, you said, should be a parson,  
Long before he saw the light.  
Do you see that great cathedral,  
Filled the transept and the nave,  
Hear the organ grandly pealing,  
Watch the silken hangings wave ;  
See the priest in robes of office,  
With the altar at his back—  
Would you think that gifted preacher  
Could be your own little Jack ?

“ Then a girl with curly tresses,  
Used to climb upon my knee,  
Like a little fairy princess,  
Ruling at the age of three.  
With the years there came a wedding—  
How your fond heart swelled with pride  
When the head of all the country  
Chose your baby for his bride !  
Watch the stately carriage coming,  
And the form reclining there—  
Would you think that brilliant lady  
Could be your own little Clare ?

“ Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster,  
I can hear him prattling now—  
Such a strong and sturdy fellow,  
With his broad and honest brow,  
How he used to love his mother !  
Ah ! I see your trembling lip !  
He is far off on the water,  
Captain of a royal ship.  
See the bronze upon his forehead,  
Hear the voice of stern command—  
That the boy who clung so fondly  
To his mother's gentle hand ?

“ Ah ! my wife, we've lost the babies,  
Ours so long and ours alone ;  
What are we to these great people,  
Stately men and women grown ?

*Bridal Days.*

Seldom do we ever see them !  
Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts,  
As we sit here in the firelight,  
Lonely hearth and lonely hearts.  
All their lives are full without us ;  
They'll stop long enough some day  
Just to lay us in the churchyard,  
Then they'll each go on their way."

---

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN.

JOHN ANDERSON, my Jo, John,  
We clomb the hill thegither ;  
And monie a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither :  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

BURNS.

## GOLDEN MEMORIES.

JUST fifty years ago to-night,  
Within this corporation,  
One house was all ablaze with light,  
And one room saw a brilliant sight,  
And two hearts fluttered with delight  
And throbbing expectation.

A young man led his blushing bride  
Into the room, and stood  
Erect with manliness and pride,  
And promised naught should e'er divide  
Him from the fair girl at his side,  
So help him Christ and God.

And were they poor? I know not whether  
They were or not, nor care ;  
But if they were, they pulled together,  
*She* with the needle, *he* the leather,  
'Mid summer's heat and wintry weather,  
In toil and frugal fare.

Their little early gains were kept  
All prudently and well.  
*He* toiled while others idly slept ;  
*She* gleaned where lavish reapers reapt



*Bridal Days.*

Like Ruth, and golden grains unswept,  
Their little purse to fill.

And so the years went by apace,  
Children to them were given ;  
Two boys of open, honest face ;  
Four girls of comeliness and grace,  
Filling with honor each the place  
Assigned to them of Heaven.

At length came smiling competence,  
A moderate share of wealth ;  
Not for extravagant expense,  
For gilded show and sham pretence,  
But solid comfort and good sense,  
Contentment, cheer, and health.

And then the quietude of age  
As evening fades away ;  
An honored, cherished parentage,  
Of wedded love, the warmest page ;  
The waning of life's pilgrimage,  
The golden close of day.

Still living on through changing years,  
Their love unchanging ever ;  
Despite some blighted hopes and fears,  
Affliction's bitter draughts and tears,  
Cheerful as their "departure" nears  
Their marriage tie to sever.

But there's one vacant chair to-night ;  
    May not George hover o'er us ?  
His course, though short, was pure and bright ;  
His life, if transient, just and right ;  
His memory sweet, without a blight ;  
    Him God will soon restore us.

A few more weeks, and months, and years  
    Of mingled joy and sorrow ;  
A few more alternating fears  
And hopes, with smiles baptized in tears,  
As earth recedes and disappears,  
    Will come the bright to-morrow.

A. G. PALMER, D.D.

## THE GOLDEN.

"OH, Love! Whose patient pilgrim's feet  
Life's longest path have trod,  
Whose ministry has symbolized sweet  
The dearer love of God.  
The sacred myrtle wreathes again  
Thine altar as of old,  
And what was green with summer then  
Is mellowed now to gold.

"Not now as then, the future's face  
Is flushed with fancy's light,  
But memory with a milder grace  
Shall rule the feast to-night.  
Blest was the sun of joy that shone  
Nor less the blinding shower;  
The buds of fifty years ago  
Is love's perfected flower.

"Oh, memory, ope thy mystic door!  
Oh, dream of youth, return;  
And let the lights that gleamed of yore  
Beside this altar burn.  
The past is plain; 'twas love designed  
E'en sorrow's iron chain,  
And mercy's shining thread has twined  
With the dark warp of pain."

## THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

JUST fifty years have passed away  
Since you and I were wed,  
How swiftly since that bridal day  
The fifty years have sped.  
God's providence on us hath shone,  
His gracious hand hath led,  
And ne'er in vain before His throne  
We've said, "Our daily bread."

Together struggling up the hill  
Of life's uneven way,  
Our hearts are knit more closely till  
We've reached this golden day.  
We've known the bliss which joy imparts,  
Life's raptures and its tears,  
But God has let us youthful hearts  
Bring into ripened years.

In children God to us hath given,  
We live our youth anew,  
Some wait for us to-day in Heaven,  
They all to us are true:  
And yet by "silver threads" entwined  
Among the "threads of gold,"  
And furrows down our cheeks, we find  
That we are growing old.

*Bridal Days.*

Just fifty years ago we wed,  
Just fifty years to-day ;  
*We two are one*, the preacher said,  
And so we've held our way.  
The ties of love which bound us then  
To-day are golden thread,  
And this will never break, till when  
We're numbered with the dead.

J. BYINGTON SMITH, D.D.

LAY THY HAND IN MINE.

OH, lay thy hand in mine, dear !  
We're growing old ;  
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,  
That hearts grow cold.  
'Tis long, long since, our new love  
Made light divine ;  
But age enricheth true love  
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,  
And take thy rest ;  
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,  
And make thy nest.  
A-many cares are pressing  
On this dear head ;  
But sorrow's hands in blessing  
Are surely laid.

Oh, lean thy life on mine, dear !  
'Twill shelter thee.  
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,  
On my young tree ;  
And so, till boughs are leafless,  
And song-birds flown,  
We'll twine, then lay us griefless  
Together down.

GERALD MASSEY.

(139)

## CHRISTIAN AND CHRISTIANA.

WRITTEN BY E. C. STEDMAN, AND READ AT THE GOLDEN  
WEDDING OF WILLIAM E. DODGE, ESQ.

WHO has not read,—what man that loved  
Good English, pious speech, and valiant deed,—  
The rare old book in which John Bunyan proved  
His poet's heart alive beneath his creed.

Who has not in fancy traveled long  
With Christian on that ancient pilgrimage,  
Shared all his fears, and lifted up the song  
After the battles it was his to wage.

Or with brave Christiana followed on,  
Choosing the path her lord had trod before,  
Until the Heavenly City, almost won,  
Shone like a dream beyond the River's shore.

Well, 'tis a goodly tale, we think, and close  
The book we have from childhood read, and say,  
"The age of miracles is past! who knows  
The joyous saints, the pilgrims of to-day?"

"No light," we say, "like that which was of old!"  
Yet still serenely shine the midnight stars,

And there are wonders left us to behold  
If we but think to look between the bars.

Even now, before our eyes, his large heart warm  
With the fine heat that shames our colder blood,  
Stands Christian in as true and living form  
As that in which old Bunyan's hero stood.

Long since this happy pilgrim, staff in hand,  
Set out, yet not alone—for by his side  
Went Christiana also toward the land  
Anear whose boundaries they now abide.

Each day less distant from the city's gate  
Through shade and sunshine hand in hand they pressed,  
Now combating the foes that lay in wait,  
And now in pleasant meadows lulled to rest.

Early the Palace Beautiful they found,  
Where Prudence, Charity, and Faith abide,  
The Lowly Valley little had to wound  
Their gentler hearts devoid of scorn and pride.

The darker valley of the shadow Death  
They passed, but with them One, they knew was near,  
Staid by whose rod and staff the Psalmist saith  
The toiling pilgrim shall no evil fear.

And many seasons afterward they dwelt  
In Vanity's great city. There apart



From all things base and mean, they humbly knelt  
With prayer upon their lips and pure of heart.

He, too, has fought with giants,—those that lurk  
In fastnesses of want, despair, and sin ;  
By day and night he did his Master's work,  
Hoping a house not made with hands to win.

And Christian from the outset took  
Sweet Mercy for a guide and bosom friend,  
And sought with her the poor in every nook,  
Giving as one that to the Lord doth lend.

Together thus they climbed above the pass,  
Where from the hill delectable 'tis given  
To gaze at moments through the shepherd's glass,  
And catch a far-off rapturous glimpse of Heaven.

Sorrows they knew ; but what delight was there  
Led oftentimes where the still waters flow,  
Or in green pastures guided unaware  
To trees of life that hung their fruitage low

Now, ere the pilgrimage is ended quite,  
Its weariness forgot, they seat them down  
In Beulah, in a country of delight,  
And rest a season ere they wear the crown.

Here, after half a century, they breathe  
Air fresh from Paradise ; and here renew

Their wedding vows, while unseen watchers wreath  
For each a chaplet, sprayed with golden dew.

Blessing and blest amidst their household group,  
Christian and Christiana here await  
Their summons, knowing that the shining troupe  
Will bear to each a token, soon or late.

And we who gather near,—ourselves too blind  
To see undazed the light of Heaven's grace,—  
Their well-loved visages behold, and find  
A bright reflected glory in each face.

### FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

OUR hearts are young as ever, now,  
Though fifty years are gone  
Since vows were made, and words were said  
That of the twain made one.

Our hearts are young as ever, now,—  
That was a happy home  
Where first we lit the lamp of love,  
Nor thought a grief could come.

Our hearts are young as ever, now,  
And God has kindly smiled  
On each long year, since that in which  
We hailed our first-born child.

Our hearts are young as ever, now,  
Though changes we have seen ;  
For now the girls are women grown  
And all our boys are men.

Our hearts are young as ever, now,—  
See our grandchildren run !  
A little great-granddaughter comes  
And stands with great-grandson.

Our hearts are young as ever, now,  
God hath His blessing given,  
We wedded once for earthly bliss,  
We now are wed for Heaven.

Our hearts are young as ever, now,—  
Fifty years more gone by,  
Our hearts will then be younger still,  
There's youth for aye on high.

D. W. FAUNCE, D.D.



SUNDOWN—HEAVENLY HOME.



## SUNDOWN—HEAVENLY HOME.

IN a few weeks, or months, or possibly years, after the golden wedding, the venerable pilgrims enter the rich glories of Sundown and Home. Like the sun, they have run their race ; like the sun, they have met clouds and storms in their way, and also summer flowers and streams and summer birds. They have had simply this life, the common lot ; but more than many, have enriched it, extracted more sweetness out of it, and received more power and honor in it, by duty done, by genial love, and abundant hope. If they have walked in the awful silence of God, they have yet walked with Him, and "known the secret place of the Almighty" ; if with muffled voice they have talked as "they walked and were sad," Jesus, who was born at dead of night, shed the rosy light of day by unexpected discourse. Now indeed can they speak ; there is worship now "neither at Jerusalem nor in this mountain," but from this height which overlooks all the scenes and altars of the past. Sing too they can, and do, over victories wherein self was put under duty's feet, and wrong was prevented, or atoned for by everlasting right. With the clear eye-sight now obtained, things are seen which compel the tear of regret ; but all that is now forgiven, and joy immeasurable sings the songs of immortal conquerors, "I have finished my course."

Beautiful, venerable bridal pair, thy locks are silver, but thy fine setting is golden. All ye had, ye have ; all ye have ye shall keep. Precious now are thy benedictions upon the heads of children, and grandchildren, and friends. Simple and fervent are the words



with which thou dost commend them to the divine Father ; long will they remain as beautiful as they are precious, as precious as they are true.

See ! there, the sun is almost gone ; only the edge of the golden disk is visible ; he speaks softly :

“ Mother ! ”

“ Yes, husband ! ”

“ I am going.”

“ Where ? ”

“ To Jesus, Ben, and Kate.”

“ ‘ O grave, where is thy victory ? ’ tell them I will come to-morrow.”

“ Mother ! ”

“ Yes, my husband ! ”

“ The billows are large ! so large ! ”

“ Yes, *He* walked upon them—fear not.”

“ Take hold of my hand, wife, until they overwhelm, and I rise to glory again.”

Spirit answers spirit, and the bright bride of more than fifty years ago takes his willing hand ; how long she knows not, but when she looked again the sun was down. The day after, a chariot went swiftly through the upper air, and the bride waved a banner of “ grace, mercy, and peace,” and again the sun was down. Good-bye ! Gone to the Diamond Wedding, to the “ Marriage Supper of the Lamb.”

“ Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.”

“ There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife ; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife ; and there I buried Leah.”

“ The tone that *here* sinks in the silence of death, *there* swells into an immortal's fuller praise.”

## AFTER-GLOW.

THUS they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them ; wherefore, being come up out of the river, they saluted them, saying, " We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along toward the gate.

Now, while he was thus in discourse his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him ; and after he had said, " Take me, for I come unto Thee," he ceased to be seen of them.

But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with trumpeters and pipers, with singers, and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up and followed one another in at the Beautiful Gate of the City.

BUNYAN.

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## IMMORTALITY.

THE stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
But Thou shalt flourish in immortal youth  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

ADDISON.

## PASSING AWAY.

"THEY saw that she was dying, and her husband leaned down and asked her if Jesus was with her for the way through the dark valley. She looked happily into his eyes and whispered her Saviour's name.

"Said her husband, Dr. Spencer H. Cone: 'My loss is indeed great—irreparable! My dear Sally was one of the best of wives; true and faithful, industrious and loving, making her house a place of rest and happiness for her husband always, for more than forty-one years.'"

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## SALEM.

SOON where earthly beauty blinds not,  
No excess of brilliance palls,  
Salem, city of the holy,  
We shall be within thy walls!  
There, beside yon crystal river,  
There beneath life's wondrous tree,  
There with naught to cloud or sever,  
Ever with the Lamb to be!  
Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## NO COMPLAINING.

BUT the sainted dead shall finish for us the blessed work which they began. They tarried with us and nurtured a human love; they depart from us and kindle a divine. Cease, then, our complaining hearts, and wait in patience the great gathering of souls.

MARTINEAU.

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## THANKFUL.

I THANK Thee, Father,  
That at this simple grave on which the dawn  
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath  
No close, Thou kindly unto my dark mind  
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away  
From this green hillock, whither I had come  
In sorrow, Thou art leading me in joy.

R. H. DANA.

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## FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

FOREVER with the Lord!  
Amen, so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(153)

## PEACE OF GOD.

THE peace of God full often survives the lapse of meaner comforts, and drives away every trace of fretfulness from age and terror from death, leaving simply the rest incident to the completion of a good and worthy fight, and preparing all hearts to hope for a quiet migration to a better country, even a heavenly. Calm as this, after a fiery career, was the retirement of such a one as "Paul the aged," when the time of his departure was at hand.

MARTINEAU.

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## JERUSALEM THE NEW.

"EXULT, O dust and ashes,  
The Lord shall be thy part ;  
His only, His forever  
Thou shalt be and thou art !"

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"IN my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you ; for I go to prepare a place for you."

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MAY GRACE, MERCY, AND PEACE BLESS ALL EARTH'S

**Bridal Days.**













